

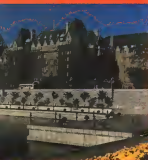
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CANADIAN PACIFIC

AN EMPIRE FOR THE TAKING?



Stiff medicine for doctor bashers

'Don't bite the hand that someday may have to operate on you'

By Dr. Nicholas Rety

A recent victim is taken to hospital; the doctor who treats him is paid \$385, the tax truck charge for his battered car is \$45. While a doctor's fee for an evening visit to examine a sick child is \$40, a plumber's byline call to unplug a toilet will cost \$100. For a cancer patient a six-hour operation and six weeks of after-care, a hospice nurse \$148. But a lawyer may command this fee by convincing a jury—with his secretary doing much of the actual work. Yet, despite the remunerative imbalances, the common public perception is that doctors are the benefactors of the labor force. This, in fact, is far from the truth. Actually, I'm convinced that the underlying cause of such a misconception is the nonsense being fed a lot of Canadians about doctors' incomes by Revenue Canada (available from Statistics Canada), many politicians and, of course, by the omnipresent doctor bashers.

Take a 1980 Revenue Canada report depicting doctors as the highest earners in the country at \$54,422 a year. Highest earners? Hold on! What about corporation executives earning \$200,000 or more, with \$100,000 pensions, interest-free loans and corporate lifestyle wrapped by expense accounts? Don't look for them in Revenue Canada tables, they aren't there. Since these high earners are not aware of their businesses, they are classified as business regulars, earning an average of \$12,684. Missing, too, are senior civil servants with incomes of up to \$82,000, full benefits and indexed pensions. And MBT rockers earning \$100,000? They are listed as self-employed entertainers, earning \$7,597. There are many other misrepresentations, but the sad fact is that, in the days of economic hardship, the Revenue Canada figures, at best, provide food for worry and adverse comment, but all too often become an indictment against doctors. Meanwhile, the really high earners be low and escape scrutiny.

How people question how a doctor's income is earned. Many people desire a doctor's pay but how many have the education and, in any case, the ability to become a doctor? In the first place, and then be willing to work a 40-hour week? How many would opt to live with overtime work without overtime pay and unpaid on-call time? And so risk pay, so paid holidays, no pension. A surgeon who operates on an emergency case during the night is not exempt from his operating duties at night the next morning. A few such facts and extending night work without overtime pay critics beware.

Of course politicians pretend they are champions of universal access to medical care. More health care! In my province of British Columbia, a whole team of doctors can work all right to save the life of an accident victim, yet if the patient is in default of his health premiums, the government refuses to pay his medical costs. The doctors are paid

nothing. Universal access to medical care is the result of a doctor's goodwill, not the largesse of the politicians.

Robert Evans, a University of British Columbia economics professor, seems indignantly that doctors earn three times the average income of the general public. He gets wide coverage in the West Coast media, yet he ignores the fact that theoretically a worker of modest skills earning \$12 an hour, with standard overtime benefits, would almost equal the doctor's average of \$54,422 by working a doctor's 40-hour week. Much public resentment is stirred up by such articles who, in truth, only comment on issues from a gossamer's chair with tenure (the ultimate in job security) and enjoy a year's sabbatical at public expense every few years.

Math is said about doctors placing themselves on a pedestal. More nonsense that on a night call, while everyone else sleeps, I don't consider myself to be as a pedestal at all. Not for me the exclusive boardroom luncheon if I get lunch at all. I take it hurriedly, dressed in blood- and antisepticated hospital's garb. Not for me the promotions and directorships of the senior businessmen or lawyer. In fact, a surgeon gets no reward for experience and authority. A businessman can take a holiday while his employees mind the store. When I go on holiday I stop earning because I am the business. When I decide to retire my scalpel, I cannot sell the store and keep a share of the profits, when I live up the last wishes, that's it.

It is said that statisticians are like the bikers: what they reveal is nothing, what they conceal is vital. Like most doctors, I take home 10 cents on every dollar earned. My office expenses, secretary, rent, utilities, etc., amount to \$40,000 a year and the \$68,500 balance of my income is taxed at 50 per cent—up the real I take home \$30,000. So James Naughton, the B.C. minister of Health, and all other transients on the health service one day talking about my \$100,000 income as if it were take-home pay? All you champions of the "working man" remember that, at 60 hours a week, I'm a working man. Not that unlike "working men" who may receive wages from the age of 18, I work endless hours. At 54 cents an hour during my five-year specialty training and I don't catch up to their \$12 an hour until I was 38. So don't bite the hand that someday may have to operate on you. Just remember that the surgeon's fee for the most expensive, intricate, life-saving open-heart operation is only half the cost of a corporation's rent.

Am I complaining? Not at all. I like my job. Being a doctor is a privilege, I know, but it is a privilege I earned the hard way. All you critics out there, don't forget that my obligations are part of this privilege obligations such as working at 5 a.m. on Christmas morning.

Dr. Nicholas Rety is a urologist at Vancouver, B.C.

'A woman's work is never done'

Like the heroine of feminist soap opera, Lynne Gordon has juggled half a dozen careers

By Marsha Boulton

About 30 years ago a 16-year-old red-head launched her way into the office of Broadway producer Thomson Humphrey, begging for the chance to be a "character actress." "You know that you'll never be an actress," said Humphrey, after perusing the petite five-foot, three-inch sharp-toothed female. She was sent on her way, and instructed to return the following week with her hair and lower dress back, wearing the black dress of a "character actress." But she never went back.

"I just couldn't handle a life that depended on other people's desires. I had to be in control," confesses a now-lame Lynne Gordon after taking the offer, she became an advertising executive, a novelist, a screenwriter, a producer, a director, a playwright, a comedian, a singer, a dancer, a writer. For the past three decades, Gordon has fought "pursuits" in some way would so seriously for control over her life. Having achieved it, she is ready to indulge in "something I always had a hunger to do."

Next month, Gordon makes her Canadian acting debut as Anna Quince—a bride's wife and protective mother to Louis Del Grand's public reputation in the new 1987 TV three-part mini-series "Three Things I'm a Small Girl and a Terrible Traditionalist" (the disappearance of the Ottawa Station of Women's Centre, but Gordon fails to find any compromise.) "Maybe we've gone along [I] got there is there in a few little season's awareness toches."

Gordon's awareness of networking (Outgoing Lynne Gordon's career is taken with pop psychology, paragon. Her enthusiasm, from broadcasting in the 50s through to feminism in the 70s, have caught fire as early as a Gallup poll. Yet few who know Gordon question her warmth or sincerity. "I respect Lynne for her fighting instincts and her strong beliefs about women's rights," says her close friend, Dr. Cy-

rus. "Also I respect her because life hasn't always been kind to Lynne—but she has been kind."

Career is one of a comforting circle of female friends who dated around Gordon when her companion of 11 years, advertising executive Steve Brinn, died. "I suddenly found myself a sex sign. She was made vulnerable by the loss and for the first time in her life she cried in public. "I bought this house with my own money," she says of her 14-room-

One, she worked for CTVB radio, which supplied its employee, born Lynne Lerman to Jewish parents in Manhattan, with a pseudo-Canadian heritage. "The people at CTVB and my married name (Catherine) was too pretty for something. So they went to the phone book and came up with Gordon," she laughs. "They told me it would be perfect because it has a Scottish origin and everyone here loves the Scots."

A year later, she took her marriage in stride, she took her children and her new name to Toronto. She made her name by creating the *Comedian's Zool* for CTVB radio in 1972. At a time when most people believed in consumer salvation through the Better Business Bureau, she was providing well-researched and entertaining advice on everything from buying a pet to shopping for a doctor. She even went undercover with an actor office to investigate personal mail schemes. In 1975 McClelland and Stewart published Gordon's first non-fiction book, the best-selling *Comedian's Handbook*. With the new interest for self-governance that, in her native New York, might be appreciated as a change, but in Toronto, in particular, she began appearing on television, downing this spring to make sure that her latest creation, *Books*, a properly designed on her own terms, says Gordon. "I'm a workaholic. I'm a marketer. I can't help it if I would to me it all."

She is a radio personality (her first of three), a television personality (her second), a novelist, a screenwriter, a producer, a director, a playwright, a comedian, a singer, a dancer, a writer. For the past three decades, Gordon has fought "pursuits" in some way would so seriously for control over her life. Having achieved it, she is ready to indulge in "something I always had a hunger to do."

In fact, Lynne Gordon has always taken care of herself. Like the feminist heroine of a made-for-TV movie, she has named three children, won three Emmys, survived half a dozen marriages and so many last names. She came to Canada in 1967 with her third husband, an advertising executive. In Kitchen-

don talks incessantly, her voice insistent, effusive and unambiguously New York. The eye runs full blast. "They were absolutely flipped over it... They loved it. They said I was wonderful," she reports of her return to her own profession. Quips for from early feminist battles. "If you've met me, you've heard the 300 most wonderful things about Lynne Gordon." But beneath the self-confidence and drive is nagging insecurity. "I'm a public figure," Jack McClelland, "Lynne has always had to push a bit because of her background."

'Lynne has always had to push a bit because of her background. That has stood her in good stead.'





You can pour whisky

That has stood her in great stead over the years."

Independence was learned early. Gordon's parents were divorced and, at the age of 8, she and her sister were sent from a non-feral home in Manhattan to board for four years with a housekeeper in a rough neighborhood in Brooklyn. Taunted and even beaten because she was Jewish and without a normal home, she learned to fight back. She was boys with paper noses on the gut side. But above all, she enjoyed returning to the big-windowed library of the Brooklyn Children's Museum where she read, dreamed and wrote poetry. "I escaped into a world of make believe."

When her mother remarried, she retained her daughters, and Lynne Lewsohn, because Lynne Smith. Her stepfather didn't approve of higher education for women, so she took a job as an advertising account executive and put herself through Columbia University at night, studying journalism, drama and advertising. "My father used a good deal of stage hands and made a good deal of it at six o'clock. Well I don't eat it, I don't like the meat. And what's wrong with tuna fish?"

Her first marriage to a college sweetheart ended after a few years when she realized that she needed "someone with more motivation." Her second marriage, to radio personality John Henry

Paulk, gave her three children and the motivational experience of her life. The couple had a fashionable apartment in Manhattan, a full-time housekeeper (Gordon is proud of the fact that she has never learned to vacuum) and a supportive group of friends in the local performers' union, including Myrna Loy, Walter Crook and David Runkel. It was through Paulk's involvement in anti-blacklisting union activities that Gordon's good times went bad. Though the McCarthy witch hunts had been terminated in 1964, anti-Communist vigilantes were alive and well in the media. Paulk was fingered by a fringe group of self-appointed subversive seekers, who called themselves SWANK Inc. He lost his lucrative job with the CBS network and found it impossible to get work. Backed by Gordon and others, Paulk hired lawyer Louis Nizer and launched a lawsuit. Gordon found herself blacklisted by association. She couldn't even work behind the scenes as an organizational researcher for the TV show *Naked That Time*. "As we were getting ready to sign contracts, one of the men made a call," she recalls. Apparently that call was a standard SWANK check. "He came back and said there wasn't a job. And he was just white. I looked at him and said 'My maiden name is Smith. You don't have to use Paulk.' He just said he was sorry, very sorry."

In 1956, the family moved to Paulk's home town, Austin, Tex., while he awaited trial. Gordon supported the family by establishing an advertising and public relations firm and publishing a monthly magazine, *Austin on the Go*. In 1962, Paulk was awarded \$3.8 million in damages. But two years later, when he collected the money, he walked out on Gordon and took the cheque.

The episode returned to haunt her in 1975, when CBS-TV aired John Henry Paulk's story, *Fear on Trial*. By then, Gordon had let her stride personally and professionally, but none of her friends or associates knew her whole story. "Without thinking, and out of very deep pain, I had shot out part of my life," she confesses. "I was at last thinking that finally I could tell people about a part of my life that I'm very proud of." For her coming out, Gordon orchestrated a catered affair at the Park Plaza Hotel for 30 of her friends who headed around the table. Twenty minutes into the show, Gordon went into shock. The trial was portrayed with painstaking accuracy, but her role had been distorted into that of an unattractive woman who supposedly walked out on her husband as soon as the going got tough. It was Gordon's turn to sue, and in 1977 CBS settled out of court for "a considerable sum." ("If I had known



Del Grande and Gordon in "Seeing Things." "I escaped into a world of make believe."

they were going to show it so often I would have held out for the whole \$3.8 million," she snarls.)

Through the settlement added to her already solid financial base (Gordon refuses to disclose her age or taxes), she thrives, as ever, on juggling several careers. When she was approached by the Ontario government to serve as chairperson of the Status of Women Council five years ago, however, she hesitated. She had already been named Woman of

the Year by the Ontario government for her community work and "what would be like a prestige job to some, just sounded like a lot of work to me." But the council was in shambles, its previous head, Laura Sabes, having quit with the recommendation that it be disbanded, and Gordon needs to be needed.

The appointment, however, caused resentment in feminist ranks. As Ann Pappert, former chairperson of Toronto's Municipal Task Force on Women,

patai, "Feminists thought she was a disappointingly poor choice because she'd never been involved with feminist issues." Barbara Gordon's friend, writer Jane Caldwell, "It was nothing but bigotry against well-dressed women. It was also a generational thing. Lynne's worn social style may have been seen as inane by feminists who have a more eastern image."

Laura Sabes still calls the council "windy dressing for government." But Gordon points with pride to the positive consequences of the council's work, such as Ontario's revolutionary Family Law Reform Act. As for her image, "If lipstick makes me happier—it's okay," concludes Gordon. "I know the issues. I stand up for them. Nobody is going to tell me what to wear or how to look, after what I've been through."

Next year Gordon's second term as chairperson ends and she will have to step down. In the meantime, she juggles her schedule to combine her duties with a daily radio show on the all-news station CKO, her lectures on consumerism and feminism, her writing, consulting, travel and now acting. She is writing her autobiography, due out next spring, to set the record straight once and for all. In good humor once again, she's thinking of calling it *Living Without a Net*. "I'm still a tough fighter," she smiles, "but I'm rather." ☐



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A nation embarked on a perilous ride

Eerily reminiscent of Poland, growing tension threatens the oppressive Ceausescu regime



By Sue Masterman and Anton Korne

There's a story they tell nowadays in Bucharest, about the little boy who was asked by the school inspector what he wanted to be when he grew up. "Mr. Average, sir," he answered, and when asked why, he elaborated lamely: "He wants to eat 50 kg of meat a year." This tale is just one illustration of the glaring discrepancy between the official Romanian figures for availability of consumer goods, and the facts. Actually, there is practically no meat to be had in the capital city of Bucharest, the best-supplied city in Romania. Long lines of housewives and pensioners stand in the blazing sun outside butcher shops. Inside there are plump white steaks and shiny meat bones, but no meat.

"You know what happens?" explains a Romanian friend who, as ever in the toughest East European countries of which Romania is certainly one, must remain anonymous. "On the eve of the collective farms there's a sale with a new lotter of three piglets. The farm administrator knows, and so does the man in charge of pigs, that the party has determined that a Communist pig must have litter of 12 piglets to fit in with the plan. So the man in charge of pigs reports a litter of five piglets, the administrator registers it as seven, the local agricultural adminis-



Shortages of food and consumer goods result in long lines. (Left) Ceausescu and wife, Elena, flanking black market

trator adds three more for good measure and the man at the registry who assembles the statistics rounds that off to 12, since the party has determined that the planned production must be recorded this year. So when the planning commission gets the final figure, the man in charge of food-supply planning says fine, we need nine piglets for the basic market, and we can export the other three."

There are no recent official figures on how much food Romania is exporting, but since the nation's policy is to pay off all visiting foreign debts by 1990, almost everything is sent abroad and almost nothing is left for home consumption. For the past five months, meat, dairy products, coffee, eggs, sugar and even bread have been in short supply. Indeed, the present situation is highly reminiscent of that in Poland 15 months ago, before the current round of trou-

bles. As in Poland, the author has failed to bring the city consumer the usual regular supply of fresh vegetables from the country. The black market flourishes. There is a growing intolerance of the privileges enjoyed by Communist party members and a specific Romanian problem, the all-pervading nepotism. As supplies run down, the political temperature rises, but the rumbling is still underground, since in Romania the repression of criticism goes much further than it did in Poland.

Bucharest is a very beautiful city of 2,000,000 inhabitants. The roads are broad and straight, and there are acres of green parkland. What astounds the foreign visitor in the absence of traffic. Romania (population 23,000,000) is the East European country with the lowest per-capita average income (with the exception of Albania, just under \$1,000 (U.S.) a year). By definition it is still a developing country, but with the current fuel shortage and the high price of gasoline—70 cents (U.S.) per litre—the few people who have cars can no longer afford to run them. Instead they roam into ancient buses that, huddle through the empty streets with people hanging out of open doors and windows. People are shabbily dressed, and some still go barefoot. Gypsies sweep the streets, a task they say, an official assurance. Actually, it's one of the few jobs that doesn't have someone permanently supervising. Of

course, it doesn't pay very well. But unemployment is forbidden—anyone out of work for longer than a few weeks runs the risk of being housed in a labor camp.

Romanians, unlike Poles, are not officially allowed to possess foreign currency, but this does not stop the inevitable money changes from attracting foreigners on the streets. The black market rose has rocketed since the Polish crisis began and is now five times the official rate, or more, the most coveted currency in Romania is a packet of foreign cigarettes (preferably Kent) in a practice that substitutes the thin slice of the wedge of bribery and corruption—an integral part of East European life—a packet of cigarettes is slipped to the bread waiter, and food and drink, which were off the menu five minutes before, miraculously reappear. A foreign businessman, who lives in Romania but drives a foreign-registered car, is stopped by the police. A packet of cigarettes, and documents that were seized a moment before are suddenly in order. Those packets of cigarettes change hands again for under-the-counter food supplies, for quality clothing, for house



Street-sweeping gypsies push a nest

repairs. And they all the wheels of bureaucracy.

In a country with second-hand shoe stores and shops that sell spare parts for cigarette lighters, any commodity is valuable. Western cars are stripped overnight of their crappings. Machine-guns being pulled are everywhere. Petty criminals—pickpockets, petty thieves, swindlers—are in abundant supply and Romania makes an effort to "export" them. Residents are offered the chance of a 10-hour labor camp sentence or a passport to the West. Once in the West, they congregate in such places as the overcrowded Transilvanian refugee camp in Austria where they may continue in their delinquent ways and give a bad name to the system of honest,

hard-working Romanians who never get a passport to anywhere, despite years of trying.

Romanians are supposed to report any conversation with a foreigner to the police, but despite this many people with a smattering of a foreign language actually approach foreigners for something other than foreign currency. They have just one burning question: what is going on in Poland? Yet Romanians have little sympathy for the Poles, despite repeated statements by Romanian leader, Nicolae Ceausescu, that the integrity of other countries must be re-

spected, and that Romania would certainly refuse to take part in a Warsaw pact intervention in Poland. Because of the very severe restrictions on foreign travel, very few Romanians have ever been to Poland or, because not many Poles are allowed into Romania, have even met a Pole. Yet their image of the Poles is that of an arrogant, nationalistic, anti-Semitic, overly klay and generally unpleasant people.

In their own religiously intolerant country Romanians cannot even imagine how the powerful Roman Catholic Church in Poland once gained so much

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influence. The Romanian Orthodox Church is only tolerated as long as it toes the line. "The church has been given its task in our society," says an official. "It is there to comfort the poor." And there are a lot of poor in Romania.

The Romanian regime supports the Poles only insofar as it fits their own need to depend on noninterference. For more than a decade Romania has resisted all Russian attempts to station troops in its territory, and has cultivated foreign relations outside Moscow with China, Yugoslavia and now, with remarkable enthusiasm, the Regime administration. The regime realizes that a Russia that could put down Poland would probably no longer hesitate to bring Romania into its by brute force. They are afraid for themselves, not for Poland.

Romania now resents their Russian, Bulgarian and Hungarian neighbors because of historical border disputes as well as economic reasons, and the country is paying a high price for its identity. While the East Germans and the Czechoslovakians run each other more than 20 million tonnes of oil a year from the Soviet Union and can pay in nonconvertible currencies for goods, the Romanians get only one million of the 15 million tonnes they need to keep industry moving and Western experts indicate that they have to pay the Soviets with hard currency.

The balances of their oil supply must come from the Middle East or the spot market, against high flying dollars. It's a virtual strait. The country's food and industrial production has to be exported to earn the hard currency needed to pay for this oil. Earlier dollar debts grew astronomically as the dollar grew stronger, so that yet more goods must be exported, and yet more debt incurred to increase domestic productivity. In July, Romania contracted to purchase a second Canada reactor from Canada. The ammonia agreement, which provides parts, equipment and services for their first reactor ordered in 1978, is expected to cost \$750 million.

Shoppers in Bucharest (right), public works crew, unemployment in Bucharest



Yet despite ambitious industrial expenditures and a recent International Monetary Fund loan of \$1.4 billion (U.S.), the Romanian economy is in the same accelerating downward spiral as that of Poland, and the country's rulers are at their wit's end because they do not know how to stop it.

Trouble has already surfaced in Romania. The multitude of small strikes so far has been resolved by thousands of supplies being rushed to the strikers' areas. The people who tried to form an independent trade union movement have been jailed. Unlike Poland, where the workers protest against the lack of basic supplies and facilities by striking, in Romania they just stop working. There is rebellion against the way whole families have taken over control of entire districts, just like in the final days from which the Communist regime claims it has liberated the people. The sequence starts at the top, where Nicolae Ceausescu is president, his wife, Elena, vice-president, one of his brothers, deputy minister of agriculture, another, head of the trade delegation in Austria, and so forth. "Actually, Ceausescu's not so bad," confides a disillusioned Communist party member. "At least he and his family have an open ear for people's problems. It's the ones lower down who are a pain in the neck. They screw their way into power locally and then stay there at any price.

They are not fancy about their methods. "The first thing a new local party boss does," the party member continues, "is put his brother in charge of the post office, so he has control of all communications; his uncle in charge of the local police and security services; his wife, head of the health department so that the whole family gets the best medical treatment—that's important because we are very short of medicine—and if he has a nephew, he makes him editor of the local paper. And so it goes on. I'll tell you, this is not the Communist party I signed on the dotted line for after the war."

There is considerable dissatisfaction within the Communist party which, with more than three million members,

is relatively large in Romania, compared to most Eastern bloc countries. Those who joined the party for the perks and the privileges see these as threatened. Instead of being top dogs, they are becoming scapegoats in repressed aggression, threaten to explode.

There's a story, widely told in Romania by even the most intelligent people, about the richest people in the country—the few private sheep farmers who were allowed to retain the mountainside pastures that have remained outside the collective farming system. They live in huts that can only be reached by donkey over mountainside trails. They descend on the big city once a year and buy up, for instance, the complete sugar stock. They buy cars, have them dismantled and brought by donkey up the mountain, where they are reassembled and regarded as status symbols. "These people are disrupting our economy," an official currently complained. "We ought to tax them, but that's against the principles of communism."

It is with such absurd notions that the Romanian bureaucracy is preoccupied. Unfortunately, there is not much hope that the pressing problem of food shortages and economic hardship will be dealt with as long as the Ceausescus remain trapped up in its ideological straitjacket. ☐

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FOLLOW-UP

A search for secret poison

Toxic Shock Syndrome continues to baffle scientists

I t has been just over a year since the Center for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta, Ga., caused a furore by linking Toxic Shock Syndrome (TSS), a painful and sometimes fatal illness, to the use of tampons during menstruation (*Modern*, July 28, 1981). Subsequently, the CDC singled out Rely, Procter & Gamble's tampon, as the most dangerous brand. But although Rely was pulled off the market in the U.S. last September (they were never sold in Canada), the disease has not gone away. A Winnipeg woman, who was admitted to St. Boniface General Hospital in June suffering from fever, rheumatoid pain, diarrhea and a sharp drop in blood pressure, was the 34th confirmed case of TSS in Canada this year. In the United States, there are an average of 58 to 66 cases a month. Says Hernando Segalas, consumer products analyst at the New York investment firm of Drexel Burnham Lambert Inc., "People have been killed since finding the problem is not as real as it was. But it is."

A precise definition of Toxic Shock Syndrome, the type of toxin involved and its relationship to tampons continue to baffle scientists. It is thought that tampons may provide a breeding ground for the toxin-producing bacteria, which enter the bloodstream and cause TSS symptoms. While TSS has been reported in men and children, the overwhelming majority of cases—about 95 per cent—have been reported in women using tampons. A U.S. study indicates that women using superabsorbent products run a risk of contracting TSS 17 times greater than women using less absorbent tampons. Patrick Schibbert, a researcher at the University of Minnesota medical school, has isolated a toxin found in *Staphylococcus aureus*, the bacteria commonly associated with the disease. He also hopes to develop a routine test for TSS which will simplify its detection. TSS can be fatal—there have been three deaths in Canada and 97 in the U.S.—and most doctors still have difficulty diagnosing it.

Last November, Health and Welfare Minister Manu Singh ordered the addition of a label to all tampon packages, warning of the linkage to TSS. Inside instructions advise, among other things, that tampons be changed every four to six hours, although this has not been proven to prevent TSS.

Tampons sales have dropped dramatically since the publicity over toxic shock. A year ago, about 60 to 70 per cent of menstruating women in Canada and the U.S. used tampons. That figure has dropped by 30 percentage points, although some industry analysts say that the numbers are rising again.

For Procter & Gamble (P&G), Rely tampons proved to be a \$75-million fiasco. When P&G voluntarily withdrew Rely from stores last fall, the product had captured 58 per cent of the tampon market in only six months. "I think a disaster was done to Procter & Gamble," says Schibbert. "Ideally, if you're going to take Rely off the market, you take them all off," and has donated \$2 million to research projects on TSS, and will not market another tampon until the cause is known. But answers may be a long time coming. Admits Dr. Eric Ree of the University of Manitoba, who is studying cultures taken from the St. Boniface patient: "We just don't have the answers yet."

—NANCY WILSON

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D Debaggers for side window and rear window defroster

E Economy Fuel efficient Cavalier collected open-loop engine 28.3 mpg (64/100 km) at standard equipped vehicles except wagon

F Front-wheel drive traction for snow mud or wet streets

G Great maneuverability

H Head and hip room enough to seat four adults very comfortably

I Interior volume of 4-door Sedan is superior to that of a Toyota Corolla or Honda Accord or VW Rabbit

J J-Car translates into a car with state-of-the-art technology

K King-size rear passenger compartment volume superior to

Honda Accord, VW Rabbit, Toyota Corolla and Datsun 210

L Laser beams measure body fit to make sure every single Cavalier passes demanding tolerance tests

M Models include a classy coupe sleek hatchback and spacious wagon

N Newly developed 1.8 Liter 4-cylinder transverse engine

O Overdrive 4-speed manual transmission

P Power front disc brakes, power ventilation system, "PlastiCo" lower body stone chipping protection and a powerfully appealing Chevy price

Q Quality checks—over 1,000

R Receding front fenders, Rally wheels and rock-and-roller steering

S Smooth ride

T Tested, retested and tested again to become the most thoroughly tested car in Chevy's history

U Unfazed body quality, meticulously inspected by robots for weld integrity

V Vital statistics: Cavalier's 101 2-inch wheelbase helps provide

a smooth ride and is longer than that of a Honda Accord

The trunk volume of 13.2 cu ft is superior to that of a Datsun 210 Honda Accord or Toyota Corolla

W Warranties: 12 months or 20,000 kilometers GM limited warranty, 24 months or 40,000 kilometers power train warranty plus a 3-year limited warranty against perforation from corrosion. See your dealer for details

X X-Ray scans parts to assure quality construction

Y You're invited to test drive Cavalier at any one of more than 850 Chevy dealers in Canada. If you'd like, bring in a friend who's an engineer and let him go over 10 inch by 10 inch. You'll both appreciate Cavalier's quality and engineering

Z Zinc pre-coated metals and 30 anti-corrosion treatments help protect Cavalier from the elements.

Based on European Canada approval—based on American Sedan. Based on comprehensive economy figures for the midsize sedan. Actual results may vary depending on the nature of driving practices and conditions. Your vehicle's condition and maintenance requirements.



A tilt to folly

By Warren Gerard

Back on that day of glory at the opening ceremonies of the 1976 Olympic Games in Montreal there was a conspicuously missing element—a roof over the heads of the 30,000 fans gathered to witness the world's best amateur athletes compete in the graceful \$700-million flag "O" stadium. The roof was to have been like no

other. On paper, it was a marvel of futuristic design, a retractable tent-like device, held aloft by a concrete tower, estimated to cost another \$65 million, whose unfolding promised to be an event in itself. Instead, the unfinished roof came to be more than anything else a symbol of an event that was unnecessarily expensive and plagued with problems.

Right from the beginning, the Leaning Tower of Tullibert, so named after its French designer, Roger Tullibert, has definitely tilted more toward folly than fame. Costs for the stadium and



Stadium with unfinished roof and tower

estimated costs for the completed roof skyrocketed along with the total bill for the Games, which at \$1.6 billion was 11 times more than Mayor Jean Drapeau had promised in 1969. As Superior Court Judge Albert Blais considered in an inquiry last year, Tullibert's stadium "was extremely complex both from the point of view of design and from that of construction, and its choice was dictated by considerations of ecstacy and grandeur without any serious study of costs and feasibility beforehand."

To make matters worse, last year Tullibert's unfinished sports tower, lacking a roof and its supporting cables, was found to have an unbalancing effect on the entire stadium. Last fall, work on the Leaning Tower had to be halted after its base, which houses the Olympic swimming pool, showed signs that it might be too weak to hold the tower.

Despite that, last May Tullibert filed a suit in Superior Court against the City of Montreal and the Olympic Institutions Board alleging he is owed more than \$68 million in professional fees for his work on the business. In the suit, the 55-year-old architect said he was paid \$6.5 million up to May 18, 1976, but nothing since. He claims he is still owed \$50.9 million, plus interest and allowance for inflation since 1976. If he wins, it will still be a better deal than the one Drapeau originally made with him. In that agreement, Tullibert was to receive up to \$40 million, but this "generous agreement" with the city was killed by the Quebec government.

The saga of the Leaning Tower may still find a happy ending. Earlier this month Tullibert was awarded a \$150,000 contract to conduct a feasibility study on completing the structure, using his original concept of an umbrella roof. But if the design's work, it's back to the drawing board. And that could be even more costly. ☐

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More than a quarter of Canada's gross national product (GNP) is generated by exports, and Canadian banks have a strong presence and well-developed experience in international banking.

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A liberal dose of simplicity

We need faith in our own culture if we wish to help the Third World

By Barbara Amiel

Every August for the past 30 years a goodly section of the Canadian intellectual establishment has migrated north to Ontario's Lake Couchiching to have a three-day "Third World Week." I have some thoughts about ways in which the West (read the North) could develop the Third World (read the South). I'm not sure who actually did the organizing, but I can tell you that some enthusiastic (but "stupid," "retarded" people and "exceptional" persons and the lower classes in the "Third-World") I was invited up to Oshkosh, Wis., to give a talk. I had some mild disagreements about economic problems of the Third World and suggested that we really're entirely blameless and sorry for them. And as an example, I offered the deteriorated economy of Ghana, where a combination of bureaucratic government and parasitic middle-class bourgeoisie syndicates had discouraged ordinary farmers from cultivating some crops. This state-

delegation to Mr. Trudeau's North-South summit in Mexico this October is unlikely to mention those views, I offer them here.

There are probably four reasons why, in spite of 30 or so years of aid, the horrors of poverty, disease and oppression continue in the Third World. First, traditional small "i" liberals prefer only motherhood generalities. These generalities—the need for increased literacy, education and technological development—are not untrue but do not help.

have lost the courage of our convictions. At Conshohocken, speaker after speaker named the free-market system and Western liberal democracy as the cause of the Third World's problems instead of their most likely solution. "How courageous you are," murmured a member of the audience to me after my suggestion that free enterprise and democracy may stay starvation sooner than the planned economy of a repressive police state.

Corrigendum: "Controversial" We have totally forgotten the political and economic attitudes that created the wealth and technology necessary to maintain the order and relatively just government that we now wish to share with the South. Should it take courage to speak out for the best interests—the well-being of the whole—of our new nation? Is it controversial to suggest that other people might benefit not only from the finished products of our civilization—the typewriters, cars and refrigerators, but also from learning the ethics that permitted their creation?



surface of implementation. They also depend on a general liberal atmosphere, otherwise, the literacy will only teach people to mouth Marxist or fascist slogans while the improved technology will only be used to exploit the oppressed. The "solution" of collectivization, state ownership of the means of production and all political power — so popular in a number of Third World countries — is quick and decisive in its implementation but it does not solve the ownership problem. The basic problem is that it doesn't work. It produces neither power nor plenty, as one glance at its results in Africa and in Eastern bloc countries shows. Thirdly, it may be that, for reasons of climate, geography and/or population, the Third World is doomed to some of the problems. Or, yet, for example, get a really high degree of productivity in the tissues where people must battle swarming heat and monsoons? Finally and most importantly, the Third World needs a radical solution, but with the vast, effective solutions

dictatorships whenever I nourish my own, the general principles of economic and political freedom. Of course they found nothing "amplified" about these general principles expressed in terms of a "right-wing dictatorship" or "right-wing explanation." But how can one have a useful discussion in an atmosphere in which the political process of Chile's right-wing dictatorship are a rallying cry for liberal opponents—while the political process of Chile's left-wing dictatorship of the 1980s are only dismissed as a "stage of Africa's cultural development"? I make no apologies for Gen Pinochet's process, but I note that Gen Pinochet has been largely defeated or isolated in the Chilean political process. The liberal opposition of the past 30 years has been largely defeated or isolated. The liberal opposition of the past 30 years has been largely defeated or isolated. The liberal opposition of the past 30 years has been largely defeated or isolated.

The Mayans called their city Uxmal.
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But the process still begins with a 6,000-year-old idea.

A COMPANY CALLED
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An empire for the taking?

A century-old company, part of the national folklore, is ripe for take-over



By David Thomas

Against Montreal's square corporate skyline of steel and glass, the craggy limestone towers and turrets of Canadian Pacific Limited's Windsor Station makes an unlikely command post for Canada's largest industrial empire. Empty when others through the concourse which once thrived with rushing passengers and, in 1900, resounded with the crash of a runaway express still positioned on the track and into the lobby waiting rooms. It is from a plainly renovated structure within the 52-year-old station that a small cadre of professional managers direct what this year has been proclaimed the largest corporation operating in Canada, with assets worth at least \$12 billion—far more than the price of the company's stock would indicate—and with a profit last year of \$683 million. This, coincidentally, is also Canada's oldest company.

But the process still begins with a 6,000-year-old idea.



Desmarais, a new dominant figure

ported dollars, 43 times the original price of the entire line from Montreal to Vancouver.

Canadian Pacific seemed to be entering its second century secure in its place in Canada and its treasured independence from any one owner: of CP's 63,000 shareholders, only the Caisse de Dépôt et de Placement du Québec, which manages Québec's universal pension fund, held more than five per cent of the company. Ownership was no dissonance as to be meaningless in millions of small

power—a situation that made the company, whose industrial threads are woven inextricably into the fabric of the country, operate almost like a government, albeit an efficient one. Elected in May to succeed Ian Sinclair (who remains the head of Canadian Pacific Enterprises Ltd.), CP's new chairman, Frederick Berube, believes the latest is a line of Western Canadians to direct a company whose assets and golden prospects are concentrated in the West.

Then, last week, the serene stillness of "Windsor Station" was broken by two breathtaking apprehensions as an outburst of exiguous attention and heavy political opposition suddenly appeared poised to become Canadian Pacific's dominant figure. Paul Desmarais, 51-year-old master of the corporate take-over, revealed Aug. 6 that his Montreal-based conglomerate, Power Corporation of Canada, had acquired 4.4 per cent of CP Ltd. stock and an option to buy the Caisse de Dépôt's 5.6 per cent stake. With this he would own the largest single shareholder. He has assured CP management that his objective is only 20 per cent of the stock which, selling at about \$52 per share, represents less than half what most shareholders would be worth should CP ever be listed.

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Windsor Station: corporate concern

ties up and sold off. Then, miraculously, would be enough to give him effective control of the giant conglomerate. Chairman Burdidge has made it clear to Desmarais that, while he is welcome to keep his 4.4 per cent and can expect a seat on the board, he would prefer that Desmarais abandon plans to upset CP's traditional broad base of ownership.

There were, as well, political repercussions to be considered should an outsider, and a French-speaking one at that, become the preeminent proprietor of a company against which western investment is already part of national folklore. Aware that his move was a test of regional tensions, Desmarais last week consulted western provincial premiers as he pondered whether to enter through his 26-per-cent objective. Said Desmarais: "Canadian Pacific is a national institution, and the government always has been mindful of its well-being. The development of this company is certainly going to be out west and I think that with the regulations we have now in Canada the provincial governments will probably take a greater interest in the company."

Paul Desmarais is an arriviste in Canada's establishment. The very name of his Power Corp. seems to rouse in disquiet not only of Quebec's language law but of Ontario's as well. Western scepticism might also be aroused by his family, once family, relationship with the Liberal government of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. Desmarais and Trudeau are friends, Desmarais' son, Andre, and Justice Minister Jean Charest's daughter, France, within this year. Transport Minister Jean-Luc Pepin is a former member of the board of Power Corp., whereas perhaps his apparent favouring of buses over passenger trains Power Corp.'s Voyageur bus lines were recently sold, along with Canadian Steamship Lines (CSL), to another in Desmarais' stable of political connections—Paul Martin, president of



CSL, and son of a longtime Liberal minister of the same name. And, in what is more than just a lucky coincidence, Martin's purchase, shared equally with Montreal shipowner Federal Commerce and Navigation Ltd., mostly divests Desmarais of his transportation holding, which might prompt anti-unionists active abroad to be eventually as active more than a positive interest in CP.

How far Desmarais goes will depend in part on reaction in the political and investment communities as well as within the company itself. Though he is reputed to be a close friend of his deputy, who continues to manage CP's non-transportation interests, it is clear that Sinclair is aligned with Burdidge in discouraging Desmarais' Top or executive are acknowledged by Desmarais' assertions that he is not seeking full control by buying 51 per cent of the stock—an investment of \$2 billion, but still cheap for a company of CP's size and potential. As a University of Ot-



Sinclair (above): Burdidge: faced with the force of a runaway express

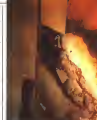
tawa commerce student, Desmarais did, after all, write a paper describing how Canadian Pacific could be taken over, a scheme he now dismisses with embarrassment. "It was okay—I was playing with Monopoly money. It's much harder now."

Significantly, Desmarais' protestation of innocent intent contains a pair of promises that leave the way open for a full take-over attempt in the future: "I'm saying I will not do it even, unless Canadian Pacific itself asks me to do it or unless there was another take-over bid." An eventual take-over bid by outsiders other than Desmarais' is certainly possible because CP is so undervalued on the stock market and because its widely held ownership makes it vulnerable to a public offer to purchase. Desmarais, in fact, intends to acquire half of his 26-per-cent objective either by simple stock market purchases or by making a public offer for the shares. Not included yet are CP Ltd. shares held by Power Corp.'s subsidiary, Consolidated-Bathurst Inc., which Desmarais describes "not a heck of a lot—couple of hundred thousand shares or something like that." (One street rumor has it that Consolidated-Bathurst, in fact, controls a considerably larger part of CP shares.) The third-biggest CP holding, a control of approximately 76 per cent of voting stock by the Clifford Fielding family of Calgary, Ont.,—Desmarais' home town Desmarais balked when asked whether his earnings keeping the Fielding share "No, uh, yes, I've thought of it. It would be really to say so. But the thing is we are not looking at those shares to reach our objective."

Desmarais' dashboards notwithstanding, Windsor Station remains rich with apprehension and speculation over just what this ultimate objective is. The only certainty is that Paul Desmarais has charged into Canadian Pacific with the force of a runaway express.

The engine of Canadian Pacific pushes back is the very begrudging of the country, it is Canadian Pacific that recruited newcomers to a land threatened by American annexation. It provided land, water and seed to grow crops which its railways could move to the sea. It located standard time to better schedule its trains and discovered natural gas in Alberta as it drilled for the water needed for its steam locomotives. Its sears here made the country more grander than it really was. And in the process, Canadians, foreigners and occasionally CP management came to confuse the company with the country itself. As Paul Desmarais maneuvered in recent weeks to find his niche in Canadian and corporate hierarchy, Canadian Pacific's managers and workers continued to enrich their employer and their country in ways as full of daring and expectation as CP's 190-year-old immigrant trains which people the Prairies.

Canada's contemporary pioneers are its Arctic adventures. Last week, through a brief, shifting passage backed in the ice by the midsummer sun, a pair of seagull wings delivered the most massive vessel used to penetrate the frozen frontier. Mashed into its shallow berth at Little Cornwallis Island, the red-and-white Arctic II continued under its boxy exterior as an entire mine plant and the office complex to go with it. This is the Palanca Project, the world's northernmost mine, where Crown-Consolidated Ltd. will extract lead and zinc and export it during the usual two-month shipping window. A seaview of the scheme's audacity is that Consolmet paid \$1 million to have the barge-mounted mine towed through the ice, and another \$1 million to insure it for the day voyage. St. John's had the company Arctic II quit the Gulf of St. Lawrence by the Strait of Belle Isle above Newfoundland last month that these seas St. Lawrence vessels carried one of the newest ships afloat. Weighed down with 780 containers loaded to her home port of Vancouver and then Berberden, London and Le Havre, the CP Hunter throbbed upstream with the tide, the eight huge cylinders of her Rot German-made diesel engine a-fortified, maneuvered by a Siemens computer. The CP Hunter is one of four ships as CP's scheduled container service between Europe and Montreal under British and German flags. Another 37 tankers and bulk carriers registered in Bermuda sail the seven seas. Only CP's Vancouver-to-Nanaimo bulk ferries and the 100,000-ton Prince-Britannic West Coast coast ship by the Canadian flag—an ignominious remnant of a fleet of Frenchmen which plied coastal waters—including the elegant passenger steamers that served the



Stout St. Mary's Agnesa Stal pilot confining the company with the equity



Desmarais with Douglas fir seedlings: showing a more benign face to the world

Great Lakes, the woeborne Beaver freighters of the North Atlantic and the glorious white-hulled Respress fleet of luxury liners which sailed the world. Canadian tax laws and union rules cause CP, like other Canadian shipping companies, to sail under foreign flags.

The red, yellow and black flag of the Federal Republic of Germany flapped aloft, inevitably at the stern of the CP Hunter as she slowed in the rising draught to change her grille at Trent-Bowling. Up on the bridge the ship's master, Hans Ungleich, watched the river narrow on the orange-outlined radar screen while, above the chart table, the CP Hunter's coast position glowed in red. Ungleich had been aware for the previous 20 hours, since his vessel had entered the difficult St. Lawrence ice lanes, and would remain awake on the bridge another seven hours until the ship was securely tied up at CP's Montreal container terminal.

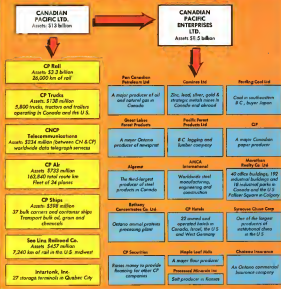
CP Ships container operation is in the midst of a confusing evolution and one that has provoked regional resentments

of the sort that plague Canadian Pacific's domestic rivals. First, in the 1960s, CP Ships angered Saint John, N.B., by abandoning its for the new World's Cove container terminal in Quebec City. Then, in 1970, it dealt a bitterly resented blow to that struggling port city by getting it for Montreal. Halifax joined the list of the betrayed this year when CP Ships, Dart Containerization Co. Ltd. and Maclean's Lines Ltd. announced they would conspire and pool their Canadian operations at CP's Montreal terminal.

Though it occasionally succumbs to the fit rages of temperance of wrapping itself in the simple old flag, Canadian Pacific has always had an abiding loyalty to profit and its strength has been its unrelenting dumping of machines and services that fail to earn their keep. Canadian Pacific's more solid tradition is the use of the newest available tools to do the oldest enduring jobs. Much of Canadian's legendary dislike of CP derives not from what the company does but from what it no longer does, gone is the puffing of local freight trains through Prairie villages, the provision of rail passenger service, the sailing at Saint John, Halifax, Quebec, Montreal and Vancouver of the proud Respress liners.

Canadian Pacific cannot fairly be accused of favoring its home base. Montrealers have as much cause as anyone to grieve that on the stern facade of Windsor Station, just next door to the window square like a great gink in the city's heart where, in 1870, CP's property arms, Maclean Realty Company Ltd., raised the honey Laurens Hotel with a promise to erect an attractive development in its place. Then, to CP's displeasure, the Parc Quebecois came to power and the development remained a hollowed-out shell. That the company felt threatened by French Quebec's new

The Canadian Pacific Empire



political controversy is comprehensible. It is a century of head-off operations based squarely in downtown Montreal, the room it made for the French language and the people who speak it was little different than had it been based in Toronto. But a pronounced accent has recently become evident in C.P.'s comfort around the corporate home fire. An A federally governed company CP does not recognize Quebec jurisdiction over its use of language but it has voluntarily conformed to the requirements of the provincial language charter designed to make French the language of work except where impractical in head-office operations. So, like many firms, CP has complied by treating its Quebec operations as a separate linguistic entity. The

railway's Atlantic region, covering Quebec and the Maritimes is now run and managed principally in French. "We haven't got a red-neck attitude to this at all," asserts new Chairman Barthelemy. The \$1.8-billion purchase of Canadian International Paper Co. announced last month substantially increases C.P.'s stake in Quebec and the decision to do so was made after Barthelemy had weighed the political risks with Sinclair. "We concluded that it was a good investment," says Barthelemy with a smile of severity. CP-owned Marathon Realty is expected to announce the imminent development of the Laurentian Hotel site but, despite C.P.'s rumored happiness in Montreal, the city should expect no fa-

vor of CP Rail wants to eliminate its last passenger train, the commuter train used by many of C.P.'s own employees from the western suburbs to Windsor Station. Last year, hasty with the scruple of self-separation, gave officers back to Halifax and Montreal in the same ill-considered stroke. CP Air fired its 30 new employees in Halifax and cancelled 4,000 bookings to Toronto when the federal cabinet reversed a transport minister ruling that the airline could begin a direct Halifax-to-Toronto service. Instead, said the Liberal government, CP must link Halifax to its western routes via Montreal—a condition the airline spurned in a fit of pique. Then, a few months later, CP Air denied Halifax-to-Montreal wouldn't

be so bad after all and, after hiring two steel men again, incorporated the service in Marlin Canadian Barthelemy. "There they have been an overreaction as that. But there's no way that I would subscribe to the idea that we run a vindictive office. We have to sort out our own and our losses."

Last year, when many world airlines suffered financial crashes, CP Air's fleet of cargo jets managed a \$6.6-million profit on their routes, which stretched from Athens to Hong Kong. The domestic routes of the Vancouver-based airline fit like a web over the West. One Sunday morning in July, every seat of CP Air's Flight 68 from Toronto was filled with businessmen wearing their Ontario suits, others with double western stitching outlining pockets and lapels, and a body of black-

men and women barely of drinking age, dressed in a caricature of cowboy garb and brown-hair for the Calgary Stampede. Up in the cockpit, Capt. Doug Gilliland waited for take off clearance as the first recorded voice of the Toronto weather service filed his head-phones with a seasonally repeated warning of "thunder and light rain showers and sleet." Air Canada 68-3—the "commuter-airline" to CP crown—streamed past the cockpit window and Gilliland then transferred his focus 77 onto the runway. The strutting, tail-mounted engines were too far back to be heard and so noise but the shunting of rain against the windshield disturbed the cockpit from where the climb skyward was like riding a glass-walled elevator up the side of a tall hotel.

One hundred kilometers from Flight 68's destination, the cockpit became busy again as the plane bounced down through the lumpy lower air. The flight crew spluttered in search of the city, undisturbed somewhere between the far land and a nearby wreath of dark clouds guarded by a row-edge of snow-capped Rocky Mountains. After the jet found and curved over the city that graced from the Prairie like a column of erect crystals in a laboratory dish, first

laying track of Lake Louise, 1981, (left) and in Fraser Valley, 1981. (right) These were in the country's table.

Officer Bob Grant, gently set it down and landed toward the terminal. Calgary's wealth to thrust heavily in the face of arriving visitors "link that golden" shined Gilliland, pointing at the golden pangs which slung all over from between the airport runways. But it was said with the jealously thined hector of a neo-Albertan, and one who had momentarily forgotten that his company, too, through its subsidiary PanCanadian Petroleum Ltd., has its own flock of people dipping into the Prairie.

That same day, behind C.P.'s downtown Palliser Hotel, on rails rolled by Crowned Algonia Steel Corporation Ltd., there was a plain, Tascam red business car called the Van Horn, after the railway's legendary builder and second president, William C. Van Horn. Happy to greet first of passenger cars for the public, CP is reluctant to let go of its private executive cars such as this one where Calgary natives were being waved and dined to celebrate the stampede. Among them was C.P.'s retired chairman, Norris (Buck) Crump, now 77 and as craggy and quick with an epithet as ever. Before returning in 1972, Crump had portrayed majority stock ownership to Canada and set in motion the railway's rapid diversification which had made it the country's largest conglomerate. But, among train buffs, he is remembered most as the man who, in 1908, dined the firm of C.P.'s last steam locomotive. "Van Horn," Crump grumbled as he beelined in the Van Horn parlor car, "when people talk to me about the lonely cry of the steam whistle in the middle of the night on the Prairie, I say—bullshit." With almost malicious glee, Crump adds that from his Calgary home near the main line in the "the wonderful sound of the steam locomotives going 'back in the night'."

Crump's dreams must have been

renewed early the next morning when engine 5828 barked through Calgary with five before locomotives and 385 cars of westbound freight. The train was designated Grain Six, five others had already left Calgary that week and 16 more would follow. The train thrummed up through the Rockies, over the Great Divide and then descended down through the twin spiral tunnels, two locomotives ducking out from the lower portals well below the yellow chimneys had entered the upper. White smoke billowed from brakes the length of the train as they held back against gravity. Steep grades mean the westward of CP Rail. At Field, B.C., Grain Six stops for the fresh crew that will lift it over the Reliance Mountains at Rogers Pass.

Engineer Roberge. Roberge uses open the throttle and the heavy train starts into the trying Mountain Subdivision where the track subverts to the whims of the moiling Rockies. Here, River crossing the crossing, all-loads water serves times as it swings from one wall to the other of the canyon. From Golden, Grain Six heads alongside the Columbia River to Rogers Station where five more passenger locomotives were cut into the train to help it up the 36-km grade to Stoney Creek.

Fleeting trains with extra locomotives is a delaying and expensive solution to the problem of hills. Ducking under them is better. That's what the railway did at Rogers Pass after a major slide in 1950 killed 62 men working to clear the track of an earlier avalanche. The Connaught Tunnel through Mount Meander opened four years later. The tunnel appeared from afar as just a notch in the belly of the mountain. Once past the portal, the mountain's mounds tumbled with indifference as 12,000 tonnes of freight train penetrated under full power, its headlights probing air still blue with the exhaust of earlier trains. More than eight kilometres later, Grain Six emerges at Glacier for the long run to Vancouver.

The single-tracked Connaught Tunnel is the railway's principal backbone and





one which, CP warns, could mean rationing of service to customers or even rejection of new customers if traffic grows by the projected 60 per cent in the 1990s. At the end of July, CP filed plans with the Canadian Transport Commission for new tunnels under the Rogers Pass, the first a 1.6-km stretch under the Trans-Canada Highway and the second a 10-km dive under Mount Macdonald and Cheops. These new lower ones would be reserved for heavy month-long hauls while lighter trucks would continue to use the Connaught Tunnel.

But there's a catch. CP says it will build the \$500-million project only if the federal government abolishes the 1957 Cross-border Pass rate for the shipment of export grain. Last year, says CP President William Stinson, the railway lost \$350 million moving that grain which accounts for 21 per cent of CP Rail's workload but only eight per cent of its revenue. That grain shipment is a divisive political issue is vividly evident in the spectacle of Grain Six against the grey mountain rock the train is a multi-kilometre mixture of orange and yellow hopper cars owned by Ottawa, brown ones belonging to Saskatchewan, blue ones purchased by Alberta's Heritage Fund, aging red boxcars owned by the railway and one black modern hopper carrying the CP logo and assigned to grain only because of a bid in patch traffic. In all, to meet predictions of growing traffic in grain, potash, coal, oil and petroleum products, CP says it must invest \$7 billion in this decade for track improvements, cars and locomotives.

That's an outlay, says Stinson, that can't be justified with the railway's current nine-per-cent rate of return. "If there's a delay beyond next year we'll have to tell shippers with new projects that we won't be able to handle their traffic until this tunnel is completed. It's getting very, very tight on time very tight."

Grain Six was broken up in Vancouver, 32 hours after leaving Calgary, its cars were dispersed to elevators spread along the docks. Partly because its tracks seem like a fence between Vancouver and its precious waterfront,



Early CP holer (1990s) in field, B.C. (top). Arrive 20 on its way north dumping methane that fell to save their keep

here Canadian Pacific has to put up with having that has been devoted to legitimate political sport. Remarkably B.C. Premier Bill Bennett in 1989 when he and Minister to Black CP's purchase of MacMillan Bloedel Ltd. "I can win an election by campaigning against the CP's" CP's lead ownership has assumed without proportionate in the minds of many westerners who remember that the railway acquired 26 million acres in government lands, most of which were subsequently sold to settlers. The company is still landlord to about 1,200 tenant farmers on 250,000 acres of Prairie land but, by provincial law, it must sell off the Saskatchewan farmland by 1994. Now, just one per cent of the original, unsubsidized lands remain under CP ownership but that includes \$1 billion worth of non-railway property in the West it is watered site at the foot of Granville Street where MacMillan proposes a development that may provoke a public outcry like that which caused it to abandon a False Creek project after eight years of trying.

Tight in his Marathons toward Granville Square office adjacent to the renovated CP Station, Macmillan's vice-president for Western Canada, Douglas Aitken, can take his binoculars and spy upon the ships and airplanes busy in

Burrard Inlet. Macmillan's plans for a waterfront Centre that would have the same view are now before city authorities. The new building would be mirrored and adapted as to preserve the view at the foot of Burrard Street. But the development would block existing shipyard buildings from the panorama Aitken enjoys. Protests will deadlock ship away at the plans but, in keeping with CP's new sensitivity to its public image, Aitken accepts, even praises, the checks citizens and governments place on developers. "It's made developments much better than they were 20 years ago."

Under Aitken's gaze, CP Rail ferries depart for Vancouver Island where the destination of Canadian Pacific ends, in riches and in romance. Subsidiary Pacific Forest Products Limited owns outright 300,000 acres of Vancouver Island forest which it harvests for customers in the U.S. and Japan. Its subsidiaries are environmentalists and provincial bureaucrats who would dearly love to assume forest management from the company itself. Anti-company lobbies are helped by the fact that loggers tend to be so subtle as chain saws. Campaign President W.M. Simon, for example, is perhaps too direct in explaining why he will not build a log sorting site at the Cooper Island Indian Reserve: "It's not going to cost \$7 million on Indian land. They don't have a good history of respecting their agreements." A more benign free of Pacific Forest Products is its British tree farm show chief forester Bruce Dettl breeds the seedlings that nurture the clear-cut, seedling-free. It is a job of patience, the 14 million spruce, Douglas fir and western red cedar seedlings now in his greenhouse will be ready for harvest when Canadian Pacific celebrates its 150th anniversary.

Vancouver Island provides an appropriate test case which to ponder CP's past and future. And what better place to ponder than this Victoria's Empress Hotel, the dirty old dowager of CP's 22 hotels whose Edwardian dining room serves supposed refined and British holiday for breakfast. In the afternoon and when are offered in the lobby and, so, what a curious sight it is at tea-time to see earling into the rear harbor the old Princess Margaret, saved and restored by the state CP-hating provincial government that refused and refused to let it go. The old Empress Hotel is elegant on CP's Royal Hallway locomotive. The two old stinkers betray the existence of a curious national paradox—Canadians curse Canadian Pacific while cherishing the company's relics. There is, it seems, appreciation of Canadian Pacific's role in the past, but no willing abandonment toward the power wielded by the small group of men who command it from within the solid old walls of Windsor Station. ◇

CANADA

The bland heeding the band

A message from 10 premiers to a prime minister: come home—all is not forgotten

By Malcolm Glynn

Nakog has changed since Canada's 10 premiers met in Victoria last week. The dollar is doing its wily dance, interest rates are at historic levels and Alberta and Ottawa are as far apart as ever in their dispute over the price of oil. Still, even if they were not about to find major solutions to the country's economic problems—as British Columbia's Bill Bennett never tired of saying in his role as conference chairman—the usually fractious premiers managed to agree on a few things, chief among them being the need for Ottawa and Alberta to settle their differences on domestic oil prices.

That, by itself, is a noteworthy statement and the bland language of the conference communiqué covered over the differences between provincial and consensus provision on the sharing of oil revenues. Ontario's Bill Davis wants more to go to the federal government, a suggestion that isn't favored by Peter Lougheed of Alberta. "I'm not a federalist," the premiers didn't even try to agree on what the domestic price of a barrel of Alberta oil should be, although they all think it has to move closer to world levels.

"Fair and equitable price means a movement toward world prices," Saskatchewan's Allan Rock says. "We don't have to decide on our climate definition as long as we know which direction we're going in." While going along with this, Davis said that western oil prices to 75 per cent of world levels was as far as he was willing to travel.

The premiers were also united on one of the traditional blood sports at these gatherings: Ottawa-bashing. Quebec's René Lévesque—who raised daily clouds of smoke in meetings held in the B.C. legislature, a place where smoking usually isn't allowed—also set the pace for criticism of the federal government.

"In our country we are living with a federal government that has assumed an attitude of glib extraordinary armature," he said. "Federal-provincial relations are now in a worse state than they have ever been and the federal government does not seem to be in any hurry to improve them." On Thursday, as Lévesque moved from the conference into the bright summer sunshine to be mobbed by visiting Quebec tourists, Brian Peirford of Newfoundland, re-



Bennett after conference, with Ottawa

agument in a black leather jacket and a more combative air, followed him. He preferred to talk about the unprecedented unity among the premiers, a unity that produced a nine-point program meant to help solve the country's economic ills. "There was a lot of unity," he said, "and it was a very important step." The pace and scale of efforts to improve the level of Canadian ownership

must be carefully considered so as not to undermine other measures taken to inspire investor confidence," everyone agreed in the communiqué on the meeting. In the vague language of the conference, that translates as an attack on Ottawa's policies of economic nationalism. The other points in the program—which included a call for an improved transportation system, more research and development and a realistic approach to the export of commodities such as natural gas and coal—were written flexibly enough to be given different shades of meaning depending on which premier was doing the interpreting. Bennett, who has the larger job of leading a province rich in these resources, interpreted this last point to mean more exports of coal and gas more often.

One step toward a solution of Canada's economic mess is clear: the premiers want a federal-provincial meeting of first ministers as soon as possible. "No matter what the 10 provinces decide, there can be no relief from the economic ills of this country without the federal government playing a part," said Bennett. With discussions on energy and the economy taking up so much time, there was relatively little discussion of the constitution, an issue that is keeping fire away until the Supreme Court decides sometime this fall whether Ottawa can gut the British North America Act on its own behalf. There were no conversions as the



Albany, with premiers Roy Romanow and Ed Stelmachowski no conversions

road to Victoria. Ontario and New Brunswick remain the only provinces supporting Ottawa in the dispute. The other eight walked on strike day across the conference to discuss the possibility of a joint trip to London to make their case if the court decision goes against them.

The premiers met and made their points at a time when most Canadian attention is focused on veterans. In a city filled with war-torn veterans, their presence invited an inevitable comparison with federal ministers' whereabouts. Several delegates pointedly wished that Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, on holiday in Africa, would soon hear about their concerns and suggest a meeting to do something about it. That night led to the revival of a phrase dormant since the days of Lester Pearson: co-operative federalism. ☐

Manitoba

'For in that sleep of death'

A 40-42 dressed low over urban centres in southern Manitoba late last week, spraying a fine mist of mosquito-biter Dapson. Health Minister Bud Sherman confirmed the first official human victim of western equine encephalitis. A youth who lives just outside Winnipeg was bitten by a mosquito in early July but thought nothing of it at the time. Ten days later he had headaches, drowsiness, fever and stiff muscles, so doctors put him into hospital and ordered cimetidine, blood, serology and arthropod tests—but he had fully recovered by the time lab technicians confirmed the disease Thursday afternoon.

Sherman: first bite a bug, then a human



Spray plane over Winnipeg and West Coast; avoid filling out envelopes

"Sleeping sickness" is especially damaging to the very young and very old, and killed 70 people in the last major outbreak in 1941, when 521 Manitobans fell victim to it. The virus lives in birds and is picked up by female mosquitoes of the species known as *Culiseta tarsalis* when they feed on birds' blood in the spring before the insects hatch their first batch of eggs. When the infected mosquitoes next draw blood for a second feeding—often from humans or humans—the virus is passed on. Many of the symptoms are flu-like and there is no known cure. What is known is that a high incidence of encephalitis in humans means trouble for humans down the line. By week-end, 15 horses had died of the disease, 79 were confirmed as having it, and 30 were on the suspect list—more than double the number of cases recorded in 1977, when the last outbreak occurred. In 1975 encephalitis affected 31 humans, leaving four with permanent brain damage.

The 1981 wave began in late July when health officials found that up to 60 per cent of the mosquitoes in some areas were of the infected *Culiseta tarsalis* variety. After declaring a health emergency in late July and announcing a \$2.5-million aerial spraying program, Sherman had to do battle not only with the mosquitoes but also with environmentalists, who tried unsuccessfully to win an injunction halting the program. He claimed the amount of chemical used—21 ml of Dapson per acre mixed with 141 ml of a benzene-type emulsifier—was harmless to humans, but would kill 90 per cent of the province's several billion mosquitoes.

Even in areas already sprayed, the risk is far from over, since a few of the virus-carriers were missed and new ones have since hatched. Bud Roy Ellis, a Winnipeg entomologist. "The main battle is over, but people should still take precautions, such as wearing light-colored clothing and using bug spray if

possible they should avoid sitting out in the evenings." Mosquitoes hatching from now on, however, will not have time in their life cycle to pick up the disease from birds and pass it on. That news may be more comforting to some—especially those who remember the 1941 epidemic—last one with spraying completed, the frustrations of Manitobans unable to enjoy their backyards continue. Bud says Winnipeg's fifth Youngest last Friday, a week after her own area had been sprayed. "I haven't had a bite all summer but last night I swatted 30 of the things on my leg. If the spraying killed over 90 per cent of them, an awful lot have hatched this week."

—PETER CARLISLE-GORDON

Ontario

A belly full of yellow dust

Joe Kerr, a 38-year-old father of three, was switching fatigues from grey pyjama bottoms to a grey jumpsuit through the O.R. railway yards in Windsor when he found himself beside a car coated with yellow dust. Suddenly dizzy, he fell to the ground. "I couldn't breathe," he recalls. "I couldn't get up." Kerr was taken to hospital, given oxygen and released after two hours. But the same day a transport trailer rolled up to U.S. Customs at Sarnia, Ont., 125 km away, with two fat tires. That had unlabeled the load, containing a couple of five-gallon metal paint containers from which leaked a dark yellow liquid. Within seconds the truck driver and a U.S. Customs officer were overcome by fumes and taken to hospital for the same treatment.

The faded yellow dust and the dark yellow liquid were the same sub-



Cobex stored in Windsor warehouse; Kerr: a dizzy spell — then a long wait

stance—a weed killer trade named Cobex, widely used by repressed farmers across Canada. The herbicide is one of 30 agricultural chemicals registered for use by the federal government following approval by Industrial Hygiene Laboratories of Illinois, many of whose testing later proved to be invalid (Maclean's, May 18). Last February the federal department of agriculture, after discovering Cobex to be contaminated with highly toxic nitrobenzene, demanded that its manufacturer, U.S. Borax and Chemical Corp., submit new safety studies. To avoid that added expense Borax decided to take the product off the Canadian market and sell it in the U.S. where it is still approved.

And that, ironically, is when the trouble began, for as the Cobex was rounded up from dealers coast-to-coast, some of the twice-transported containers began to spring leaks. Liquid Cobex, exposed to air, will crystallize and turn to dust and its fumes are also highly flammable. For that reason U.S. authorities have now refused to let the stuff back across the border until satisfied it is all safely sealed. But when first some of the Windsor and Sarnia residents also leaked out last week (both occurred June 24), the Cobex people were suddenly in trouble locally as well as internationally. At the thought that 30,000 gallons of a dangerous substance in 20,000 partially-leaky containers were stored in a Windsor warehouse, Mayor Bert Weeks and City Administrator Hilary Payne said they were distressed at not being warned about the dangers of Cobex. Said Jim Brupaky, a spokesman for the Windsor Occupational Safety and Health Council: "It is



vital to the health of workers and the protection of all those living in the community that we know what is being transported about the country."

Stashman Joe Kerr couldn't agree more. He was feeling fine last week "until I was told what the [yellow dust] could do to me." University of Western Ontario geneticist Dr. Joseph Cornetta rejected claims by the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency that Cobex is not detrimental to humans. Tests have shown, says Cornetta, that contact with nitrobenzene can cause cancer, kidney, liver and brain damage, depending on the concentrations. Said Kerr: "I guess I'll just have to wait—but I don't want cancer."

—JOHN JACKSON and WARREN GERARD

Saskatchewan

Free enterprise strikes again

I was an edge business community that watched nervously in post-Depression Saskatchewan as the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (CCF) gathered support by offering workers the right to strike, calling for a moratorium on farm debt and proposing a government-run insurance monopoly. As a roller, local printers often couldn't find the time, or the conscience, to print either the party's newspaper, *The Commonwealth*, or its election material.

Undaunted, the CCFers acted in true socialist spirit and took matters into their own hands in 1944, the same year the party swept to power. Knowing there is freedom of the press for those who own one, about 300 party supporters collectively bought a local printshop to give the party an instant head start when it came to clearing out breadlines and campaign loan signs, making it the envy of the political opposition ever since. But last week, after 27 years, an era ended when Regina's Service Printing Co. worked out a deal to sell its newspaper press and the company's premises to the publisher of a suburban advertising shopper. Serving is *The Commonwealth*, single reading for party faithful since 1944, which will be printed in future by the private entrepreneurs who once balked at rallying their hands and reputations with socialist material.

"I guess you could say we have come full circle," reflects Clarence Brown, party president when Service Printing was founded, from his retirement home in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. "In the old



Where the love signs came from



Finns: a subtle kind of problem

days we faced a subtle sort of problem. Aside from having our work turned down, we found that when someone did agree to do it we would often be shunted to the bottom of the pile. I can remember The Commercial being weeks late coming off the press because other people's work seemed to come ahead of ours."

But 37 years out of the past 57 as government has employed both the CCF (1944-57) and the business community. Service Printing was never much of a money-maker for the party so, even though it did commercial jobs on the side, the now provincial executive decided that rather than pour funds into much-needed new equipment the party was finally able for the party to depend on private printers. The real estate and press are being sold for a reported \$380,000, with three of the 14 former employees at the old shop buying the job printing equipment to open their own commercial operation in space rented from the new owner. All 14 will receive severance pay (four days' pay for each year worked) but for Walf Tomlinson, who took 26 years at Service and is now looking for a job elsewhere in the printing business, it has been an emotional job. Says Tomlinson: "After 31 years you can't help but get attached to a job or a place. I'm not bitter about it or anything, it just will take some getting used to."

So, for many party faithful, will the final abandonment of the trendy old printing building which for years also housed provincial headquarters and bore the name of the late B.J. Caldwell, federal CCF leader from 1940 to 1958. In June the party moved next door into a new \$800,000 office building, this one named after Tommy Douglas, the man who led the party to provincial victory in 1944 and succeeded Caldwell as federal leader for 18 years after the CCF became the NDP in 1961. —DALE ELSHUR

Atlantic provinces

A little game of five-card cod?

Fifteenth-century explorer John Cabot's new said you could catch codfish off Newfoundland simply by dropping a wooden board over the present-day East Coast. Fisheries may smack a sardonic smile at that yarn—but this January past, in the waters off Labrador and Newfoundland's northeast coast, the cod were beating sea again, and the men on the big trawlers off one of Canada's largest fish ports, St. John's, Sea Products Ltd., gleefully scooped them up. As the fish poured in, authorizer plants, normally closed in the winter, reopened and night shifts were hired in the year-round plants to cope with the load.

In just two months—it usually takes four—Nfld. and a few other trawler operators gobbled up the entire Canadian quota for the northern cod zone. One might have thought the Newfoundland Fisheries, Food and Allied

processing chips in a game of political poker in which the company wants Ottawa to "sweet" it by granting Nfld. greater access to nearby Scotian shelf and Gulf of St. Lawrence stocks rather than forcing its trawlers to traverse long and expensive distances to the northern fishing grounds? No more, says Morrow. "We're being sued," counters St. John's fish outor Richard Leachman. Morrow insists the shutdown derails the party's economic, while as thought of selective quota concessions from Ottawa, but admits that Ottawa's present Leachman-inspired fishing plan, which diverts large trawlers to northern grounds leaving southern grounds free for smaller vessels, is "very costly for us to work under."

Leachman said last week that Canadian off-shore catch allocations are up \$1,000 tonnes from last year and if fish processors can't make money it's their own fault. But Morrow feels that's only half the story. "What he doesn't say is that the fish he has given us to catch [mainly low-price codfish]—come, perish to the shopper] are marketable and expensive to catch." What about federal fisheries' gift, announced the same day as last week's shutdown, of an extra \$300



Morrow, worker heading down the short-party passageway or political bargaining chips?

Workers Union was a bunch of party poopers for suggesting at the time that National Sea was just being greedy and was leaving nothing for a rainy day. But last week, amid cries of woe-told-you-so from the union and suggestions of inept product marketing from federal Fisheries Minister Ramona Leachman, National Sea President William Morrow announced that the company's large fish plants at Blomidon and St. John's could shut down while some smaller Eastern Canadian operations would cut back—throwing 1,800 plant workers and trawlermen out of work. The reason: the company has too much fish stockpiled, cannot sell it and is losing money—\$1.6 million for the first half of 1981.

Are the Nfld. employees only bar-

tainees of the more delicate cod to Canadian catches? It's meaningless, suggests Morrow: the fish this time of year are too dispersed and take too long to catch. "We can't live on that. We have to have some of the cream as well as the skim milk"—that is, trawler access to the more profitable, near-shore Scotian shelf. But, he insists, the locals are not part of a bargaining game.

Last last week, Morrow followed up the muddled-if approach with the velvet glove: by late fall, he said, the Blomidon and St. John's plants could be humming again. Still, says fish outor Leachman: "Some of us are going to have trouble keeping our homes if the lay off goes past September. I still think we're being sued." —RAMONA JOYCE

WORLD

A deadly neutron shell game

Europe may not be the only theatre for the latest wrinkle in bombs



NATO troops test self-neutron radiation gear: China may be infuriated

By William Lowther

The international controversy generated by President Ronald Reagan's decision to produce and stockpile neutron weapons in the United States may well be moving out of focus. It was centred on the presumption that the weapons were meant for Europe. But late last week it emerged that the European theatre is only one of three for which the weapons may be destined. The other two are the Far and Middle East—and the possibility of deployment there could generate a storm that would make European protests seem mild.

One hint that Europe was not the only theatre on the administration's mind came from Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger, who casually slipped China into his remarks to media interviewers on two occasions after the Reagan announcement. A source close to the Pentagon later said that the possibility of deployment there could well be raised when Vice-Chief of Staff Lou Haughey visits Washington in September to discuss arms sales, that there would be heavy pressure to make the weapons available to U.S. allies. South Korea, said that the Pentagon sees them as being potentially "available" in protecting Middle East oil supplies, including the Iranian fields, from a Soviet take-over. Another Pentagon source said neutron weapons were seen



Weinberger defends neutron decision: a 'purely American decision'

to be named "one way or another" with Las. He added that if the Reagan administration was a second time it was certain the weapons would go to South Korea and, should the U.S. establish a base in the Middle East—perhaps in Saudi Arabia—there too.

Support for the proposition that the weapons were destined for much wider use came also from a reported opponent of administration policy on nuclear weapons, Rear-Admiral Rear La Roche (Retired), who runs the Washington-based Center for Defense Information. He pointed out that tank crews irradiated by neutron weapons might take a day or more to die, by which time

their mission in Western Europe might be accomplished. More important, NATO already possessed thousands of anti-tank weapons, so there was no real need to have the neutron weapons there. La Roche also recalled that when U.S. forces landed in Lebanon during the Middle East crisis of 1982 they took anti-tank weapons with them. Such weapons were an integral part of U.S. army and air force equipment. "Once you begin equipping the organization with neutron weapons here in the States, your troops, your officers, your commanders will all integrate them into their plans, and they will take them everywhere," he said. "I think we will keep the neutrons in our own hands, but I can see them ending up in the Middle East. It's evident that we can't stop any Soviet moves there occasionally. I'm also sure they will end up in South Korea."



We won't have to ask anyone's permission. They will be perceived there as night-stick (30-mm) shells and short-range missiles shot for use in the terrain."

Reagan's decision to reverse former president Jimmy Carter's 1978 prohibition has led to an instant rerun of the tactical arguments for and against the weapon—with Weinberger dismissing critics' fears that deployment would lower the nuclear threshold. It also produced yet another tactical defeat for Secretary of State Alexander Haig, who had argued against an early announcement on the grounds that it would arouse the European anti-nuclear lobby

to a treaty which would prevent acceptance by wavering NATO countries of the equally controversial cruise and Pershing missile systems.

The official version was that Haig lost out because Reagan preferred Weinberger's view that European sentiment should not be permitted to interfere with a "positive American posture." But, in fact, Reagan had little choice about the timing. The U.S. has embarked on the greatest nuclear weapons building program in its history: a new Trident I submarine-launched missile, a new warhead for the land-based Minuteman III, new strategic and tactical bombs, a new air-launched cruise missile, and the planned MX missile. In all, 17,000 new nuclear warheads will be needed in the next 15 years to keep delivery systems. This has created a huge demand for components and nuclear material, and the energy department had told Reagan that he had to decide at once about the neutron weapon. If available supplies were not to be sufficient to other programs.

In any case Haig's fears seem to have been exaggerated—for the moment. But future sources of heavy fallout will certainly lie in any decision

to import neutron weapons, in U.S. hands or not, into the volatile Middle East—and in some careful phrasing employed by Weinberger in outlining the conditions under which the weapons might be used. The defense secretary stressed that they would be stockpiled in the U.S. and only sent to Europe after "consultations." Then, said Le Ronow, was "disagreement on the essence." Weinberger had not and he would wait for the allies' approval. The weapons could be sent to Europe "at the very time—a period of crisis—when they could increase the threat of a war." ☐



Anti-nuclear protest march in Europe, and Thompson: a new pacifist voice



The new Messiah for the peace-niks

The Edward Palmer Thompson, Marxist historian and Britain's new best-of-the-month novelist, last week's decision by the U.S. to produce the neutron warhead is better confirmation that "some times strategy in the Pentagon" (this is a limited subject war can be waged in Europe without North America suffering the consequences. That is nonsense, asserted Thompson, a veteran free-thinker and leading spirit in the European campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. If a conflict went nuclear with neutrons, he maintains, "England would be destroyed five minutes later, the U.S. and Canada half a day later."

Thompson, a lean six-footer whose shock of grey hair and raspy, intense Southern drawl give him the look of an old-time prophet, is the heir apparent to the late philosopher Bertrand Russell, who in his 90s courted jail with protests against atomic weapons. Thompson, born in 1906 and the author of a seminal 1963 work of social history, *The Making of the English Working Class*, joined the Communist party at Cambridge University in the '30s but was thrown out in 1964 for criticizing the ousting of the Bhopals from office.

A well-known orator, Thompson's passionate commitment to nuclear disarmament is the culmination of years of

South Africa

Night of reckoning

It was 11 p.m. Wednesday when Elias Khekeba tumbled into bed in her humble middle-class quarters. Most would say she had a right to look forward to a good night's sleep—her employer is a senior South African military officer at the Voortrekkerhoogte, a sprawling army base in Pretoria. But suddenly her room was splintered and, as the house burned, she narrowly escaped death by climbing through a window. "At first I thought the army was having an exercise," she said later. "But when I saw the flames I realized that I had to get help fast."

Far from being an army exercise, it was the most provocative attack yet by the black nationalist (re)armpist movement, the African National Congress (ANC). The ANC had set up a two-metre-long rocket launcher a few kilometres away and fired four 122-mm rockets into the base. It was the first time such

working for civil liberties. Alarmed by the mood of Ronald Reagan's America—which he describes as "voluntarism armed with nukes"—Thompson returned early this year from lecturing at Brown University in Rhode Island. He is a vocal opponent of NATO's plan to base 572 cruise and Pershing II missiles in Europe, arguing that governments should not be "poodles on the American leash." The agreement by some NATO countries to accept cruise missiles, he believes, reduces them to the status of "rent clients."

Last week, the inert elements did little more than weakly flex their muscles in reaction to the neutron decision, though there was general dismay at the lack of U.S. consultation. While British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher remained uncommenced on holiday in Cornwall, West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's government said the decision was the business of Washington.

But clear indication that the neutron decision had touched raw nerves in Western Europe came in The Hague, capital of the Netherlands, where hundreds protested, and in Frankfurt, West Germany, where demonstrators made an abortive attempt to block the U.S. army headquarters. For Thompson, who aspires to unite all European peace movements, these actions were only the beginning. As Professor J.P.C. Harrison of Sussex University put it, "Thompson doesn't want to write history—he wants to make it."

—CAROL KENNEDY

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Snail off facilities after 1990 bombing. Harwood: a certain legitimacy

heavy artillery had been used. As an intense but unsuccessful lookout got under way, police minister Louis de Graaf announced the death of two heavily armed men and the serious wounding of a white policeman in a shootout on a farm in rural province.

The day's events came only hours after Finance Minister Owen Harwood had announced that military spending would go up a record 90 per cent next year. Most will go toward the bush battle with black nationalist insurgents in Northern. But an increasing amount will be spent to counter urban terrorism. In the past 18 months the ANC has switched from a rural-based to a more urban-oriented operation, revealing a more sophisticated underground cell structure and more frequent infiltration from neighboring black-ruled states.

While these efforts make an almost imperceptible impact on the white majority's military and economic might, independent surveys say that blacks are increasingly see the ANC as a legitimate "liberation government." And despite

financial and military ties to Moscow, and the presence of a strong Communist party faction within it, the ANC has acquired a certain legitimacy in the West. Moderates in the government are urging reforms, to undercut the ANC's appeal. But any efforts in that direction have fallen hostage to the ruling National Party's resiliant right wing. Meanwhile, the resolve to fight on both sides appears to be deepening. South Africa's January raid on ANC offices in Mozambique, and previous unpublished attacks on their facilities in Angola, demonstrate a determination that the ANC should not find a haven in neighboring states even if that means rekindling the conflict. Citing the Mozambique raid and last month's assassination of the ANC's representative in Zimbabwe, ANC President-in-exile Oliver Tambo recently said that it would soon begin "killing offshoots of apartheid." Not soon, perhaps, but eventually the West, like Canada, will have to decide if it has already done—take sides. —CHARLY MURPHY

Kenya

Alms for the energy needy

A provincial premiere was baying for his blood last week. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau had moved to Tanzania after arriving in Canada for the title of Darling of the Third World with a virtuoso performance at a United Nations' conference on energy in Nairobi, Kenya. In an apparent bid to match his pre-Third World words with money, Trudeau produced a \$40-million goodwill check, \$5 million of which would go to assist small Canadian businesses in adopting energy technologies to the needs of the developing countries. Another \$16 million would be set aside for Canada's International Development Centre to finance studies of Third World energy problems and \$25 million for "the alleviation of the particular needs of African countries." In addition, Trudeau revealed plans for the creation of a Petro-Canada International corporation to assist oil-importing countries in the developing world to exploit their energy resources. Over the next five years, he concluded, Canada would provide more than \$1 billion—roughly a quarter of the total aid program—to assist energy-related projects in the Third World. An Energy Minister West Lake said, Canada had come to Nairobi "determined that it should accelerate the development of new and re-

Wine wars

GOOD WINE HAS NO COUNTRY read the cardboard sign outside the Il Cossaro (also known as Capigiani) restaurant in the fashionable capital of Cagliari. But owner Pietro Decida, 57, was too angry to heed his own words last week as he systematically destroyed every bottle of French champagne, wine and liquor in his cellar. Decida, the local representative of the Italian Association of Sommeliers, was firing an answering salvo in the latest wine war between Italy and France, which broke out when angry French growers in the port of St. Pierre poured diesel oil down the hatchback of a tanker carrying Sicilian wine to the south of France. Decida was not alone in his anger. In the Sicilian city of Marsala, where the cargo of the "pivoted" tanker and that of five others en route to France had originated, Mayor Egidio Alagna called local winemakers and the city council together and issued an appeal for a government boycott of all imported French goods.

The roots of the latest in the recurrent series of vitigray altercations between France and Italy lie in the rich soil and strong sun of the Italian south, which produce strong local wines with a high alcohol content. In recent years French producers have come to rely on this potent brew to put stress into the ficklest local product in order

to sell it as table wine. But the good harvests of the past two years have produced a wine like that, with the boundary-consciousness of the French—96 litres per capita per year against Canadian 11.9 litres—has not been able to drain. At week's end the dispute had produced a hangover at national level. French Premier Pierre Mauroy temporarily closed further Italian wine imports and proposed to tax winemakers who use imported stillers, while Italy's agriculture minister, Giuseppe Bonaiuti, ordered an inquiry. The measure seriously compromised the principles for which he joined the European Common Market.

Hopes of an early peace rested on talks to be held this week between representatives of the two countries under European Community auspices in Brussels. But much bitterness will have to be overcome. Ennio Caratta, the producer whose \$270,000 cargo was ruined by the diesel oil, threatened to send the lot to President Francois Mitterrand. "Perhaps that would remind him to apply his country's laws," he mused. —BARBARA GILBERT





Tridacna with final record, goodish

possible energy technologies.⁴²

It was precisely with 1986 and the referendum, due to end this week, was underway by the UN. More than 100 nations have already signed and turned up to review the prospects for energy sources. Some, such as oil shales, tar sands and solar energy, are already well known. More obscure are hydrogen from natural water production, and nuclear fusion, which is still a dream and not strains which could provide enough of current global energy usage if converted into methane and carbon dioxide. The latter is a by-product of the fission or fast neutron, used by the majority of the world's power to cook and to heat their homes. According to some chilling UN statistics, trees may be cut down at a rate of 100 million a year. One hundred million people are now unable to obtain sufficient fast wood to meet their needs and a further 50 million are affected by shortages. Thus, delegations agreed, is the "real energy crisis" of the world.

But if wood was at the heart of the concerns of the poor, the politicians in the Third World were no less preoccupied with the high price of oil. Out of the 131 developing countries, 96 have no indigenous oil and 11 others have to rely on imports for as much as half their consumption. In the face of difficulties on this score, the quiet windmills and solar cookers on display seemed to some observers to be more irrelevant than "alternative."

—GRAMHAM HANCOCK

U.S.A.

Spies in season

Or how the FBI nearly missed its man

By William Loether

[illegible]

long-range missile. As a result, says the Pentagon, all nuclear weapons codes have had to be changed at "enormous cost."

It was not so much the decision to court-martial Cooke that seemed so unusual but the manner of his pursuit and apprehension, as revealed in documents filed in connection with the charges. There was the statement that, although, like all visitors, Cooke had been photographed entering and leaving the Soviet Embassy in Washington (such surveillance has been pronounced but not confirmed before), keen-eyed FBI agents had been unable to identify him until he himself provided the address. He could be obviously planning his flight to St. Richmond, but to warn them that he might be a little late for supper.

Then there was the time that FBI counterespionage agent, stalking Cooke on the lookout for evidence, travelled with him on a flight from his Kansas home to Washington, but lost him at

Coccolini and Tiganu release on launchpad: caught by his own mistakes



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MOST OUTSTANDING PLAYERS

- 1870 Dexter Reed, Winnipeg
1871 David Green, Montreal
1872 Tom Gabriel, Ottawa
1873 Jimmy Edwards, Hamilton
1874 Ron Lachance, Saskatchewan
1875 Tom Lachance, Calgary
1876 Tom Lachance, Calgary
1877 George McGreen, Edmonton
1878 Garry Heston, Hamilton
1879 Don Jones, Winnipeg
1879 Ron Lachance, Saskatchewan
1880 Jack Jackson, Ottawa
1881 George Brown, Edmonton
1882 Peter Larkin, Calgary
1883 Ron Jackson, Ottawa
1884 George Reed, Saskatchewan
1884 Lowell Carlson, Calgary
1885 Ron Jackson, Ottawa
1886 George Brook, Calgary
1887 John Palmer, Edmonton
1888 Jack Parker, Edmonton
1889 John Reido, Edmonton
1890 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
1891 Jack Parker, Edmonton
1892 Hal Peterson, Montreal
1893 Pat Marston, Montreal
1894 Pat Marston, Montreal
1895 Billy Young, Edmonton

MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

- 1980 Gerry Dandine, Montreal
1979 Tony French, Edmonton
1978 Tony Gilbert, Ottawa
1976 Tony Gilbert, Ottawa
1975 Tony Gilbert, Ottawa
1974 Tony Gilbert, Hamilton
1973 Gerry Ogden, Ottawa
1972 Jan Young, B.C.
1971 Terry Eversham, Montreal
1970 Jan Young, B.C.
1969 Ron Jackson, Ottawa
1968 Ken Kavanagh, Winnipeg
1967 Terry Eversham, Calgary
1966 Ron Jackson, Ottawa
1965 Zeno Rary, Hamilton
1964 Thomas Grant, Hamilton
1963 Ron Jackson, Ottawa
1962 Harvey White, Calgary
1961 Tony Spagnuolo, Calgary
1960 Ron Stewart, Ottawa
1959 Ross Jenkins, Ottawa
1958 Ben Howell, Hamilton
1957 Gerry Jones, Winnipeg
1956 Vernon Kuehn, Edmonton

MOST OUTSTANDING LINEMAN

- 1973 Roy Neffles, B.C.
1972 John Holman, Calgary
1971 Wayne Harris, Calgary
1970 Wayne Harris, Calgary
1969 John LaGrone, Edmonton
1968 Ken Lefebvre, Ottawa
1967 Ed McQuarrie, Saskatchewan
1966 Wayne Harris, Calgary
1965 Wayne Harris, Calgary
1964 Tom Brown, B.C.
1963 Tom Brown, B.C.
1962 Jon Burrows, Hamilton
1961 Frank Rigby, Winnipeg
1960 Herb Kiv, Winnipeg
1959 Roger Norrie, Edmonton
1958 Don Lutz, Calgary
1957 Kyle Neuhoff, Ottawa
1956 Kyle Neuhoff, Ottawa
1955 Tex Gaudet, Montreal

**MOST OUTSTANDING
OFFENSIVE LINEMAN**

- 1980 Mike Wilson, Edmonton
1979 Mike Wilson, Edmonton
1978 Jan Coode, Ottawa
1977 Al Wilson, R.C.
1976 Don Tschann, Montreal
1975 Charlie Turner, Edmonton
1974 Ed Grosse, Montreal

**MOST OUTSTANDING
DEFENSIVE PLAYER**

- 1960 Don Kopley Edmonton
1970 Ken Zandbergen Hamilton
1975 Dave Fennell Edmonton
1977 Don Kopley Edmonton
1978 Jeff Baker R.C.
1979 Jim Corrigan Toronto
1981 John Wilson Calgary

MOST OUTSTANDING BOOKIE

- 1980 William Miller Winnipeg
1979 Bruce Kelly Edmonton
1978 Joe Dapkinzski Winnipeg
1977 Leon Wright B.C.
1976 John Scerra B.C.
1975 Tim Clements Ottawa
1974 Sam Kryszewski Toronto
1973 Johnny Rodgers Montreal
1972 Chuck Eaker Hamilton



National Airport when they couldn't find a taxi to follow the one he had taken. Fortunately, Cooke made straight for the Soviet Embassy, where the waiting camera picked him up again. As on the first episode, Cooke could have covered his tracks had he only given the visit a little more thought. As he later told the FBI, he might just as well not have bothered to go. The date of his visit was May 2 this year, and the on-duty staff was too busy enjoying a prolonged May Day celebration to see him.

Anyone who thinks that John Le Carré and Lee Deighton are the real stuff of which spy-catching is made will find further evidence in the outcry in the pages of two other spy magazines as to Cooke's actions. Take Marian Zacharuk, a Polish state trade official who is accused of buying secret information from a California scientist. His lawyer claims that Zacharuk and the FBI agents who tracked him became so friendly that they arranged off to a fast-food joint one time to celebrate Zacharuk's daughter's birthday. The fun continued with a third spending case—that of Joseph George Helmsch, 94, who is charged with selling army codes to the Soviets. It took 18 years to catch him, according to court records. The FBI suspected him, but couldn't nail him; it took the RCMP to do that when, last summer, Helmsch decided to collect some money that was owed to him. Guessing the Washington embassy would be bugged and closely watched, he travelled up to the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa. But that too it staked out, and the RCMP was able to go several times better than their southern cousins. Before Helmsch had crossed the border on his way back they had provided the FBI with his name and home address.

Of the three, if he is convicted, Cooke may consider himself the most unlucky. After his arrest, his lawyers say, he was persuaded to make his 17-page statement—detailing all the scandals and

Soviet Embassy being built in 1979, Helmsch under arrest selling army codes

families since his first visit to the Soviet Embassy last Dec. 17—against a promise of immunity from prosecution. Air force lawyers now contend, however, that the promise was made by an officer who did not have the necessary authority. The point is likely to fuel a considerable argument when the supposed spy finally faces his accusers. That no secret may come as early as this week. But whenever it arrives, it is certain that, for Christopher Cooke, a man who admits being caught up in a fantasy world of "espionage scenarios," the silly seasons will have ended. ☐

The murderous face of Juanita

IN 1987, Jeanne Woodward won an Academy Award for her portrayal of a woman with multiple personality in *The Three Faces of Eve*. In Port Myers, Fla., last week 25-year-old Juanita Maxwell was under continuing psychiatric observation after her multiple personality had won her an acquittal on murder charges. The acquittal followed a courtroom demonstration in which the shy, introverted Juanita became her alter ego, Wanda Maxwell, a brassy, several, narrow-shoulder personality, who easily confessed to the kidnapping of a 13-year-old woman. Says circuit Judge Hugh Starnes, who presided over the case: "It was unbelievable. No one could find what she did."

Juanita's affliction began as a child. Her mother was an alcoholic who abused her physically. She never knew her father. As Wanda explained in court, "I was sort of like an older sister. Juanita used to run to me for protection." Yet Juanita claims she never knew of Wanda's existence. Three years

ago Juanita was hired as a chambermaid at the Palmland Motel in Port Myers and on the eve of March 13, 1979, one of Wanda's periodic appearances (provided, from Kelly, a motel resident, borrowed a pen and rudely rebuffed Juanita's request for its return. In court, Juanita revealed that she went upstairs and went to sleep. In court, Wanda was called upon to relate what happened. "She wouldn't give the pen back to Juanita so I went downstairs to talk to her. When she still wouldn't give it back, I hit her with a table lamp." A towel had been twisted around Kelly's neck, and the chamber attendant died of strangulation compounded by head injuries.

Juanita was charged with first-degree murder and taken off to jail, where three local psychiatrists diagnosed episodic dyscontrol syndrome (commonly associated with persons having a history of child abuse or head trauma, but not regarded as insanity). Eventually, however, her bizarre behavior was deemed unusual enough to warrant further tests, and as a result she was ad-



Maxwell: a matter of not facing it

mitted to Florida State Mental Hospital. Says Dr. Craig Nelson, then clinical psychologist at the hospital: "It took some time to come to a diagnosis of multiple personality, but the two were fairly much like opposites."

Only 200 cases of true multiple personality have been documented in the United States. While Juanita has been acquitted of murder on grounds of insanity, she is not yet free. She will continue to undergo therapy to integrate her personalities, and that may not be easy. She faces another charge of robbery. And Wanda suspects what they are trying to do to her. On one occasion she emerged in hospital and announced fearfully that she felt the treatment was meant to destroy her. On another occasion she was found to have packed a suitcase—ready for flight.

—MARGOT BREWER

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The 1 Gold, 4 Silver and 1 Bronze Monde Selection Medals confirmed the excellence of Bon Carroca Rum. It is bottled in Canada, using pure cane spirits imported from the Islands, with outstanding results.

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Antonio Banderas, 38 years old, six feet, four inches, 140 pounds, has been wrestling on men at a time, lifting horses and eating 28 chickens for dinner when he moved to Montreal from his native Yugoslavia in the 1980s. Billing himself as **THE GREAT ANTONIO STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD**, Banderas is finally getting the break he has been dreaming of for years—a role in a movie. *Once Upon a Time in America*, directed by his favorite spaghetti-Western king, **Sergio Leone** (*The Good, The Bad and The Ugly*), *A Fistful of Dollars*. Until filming starts in Montreal this fall with stars **Paul Newman** and **Sean Connery**, Banderas is keeping his pulling up in four hours—a combined weight of 85 lobes—for each TV shows as NBC's *Yow Asked for It*. In a practice run recently, one of the drivers played an impractical joke by running his tree into the curb. Nobody wants to say how many men it took to subdue Banderas when he realized why the vehicles weren't moving and spirited four blacks to catch his winded quarry.



Guido's jaw long lampooned. It's maligned but open for business

"I am ready to take a five-letter test or anything to demonstrate that he is the father," says Velasco. El Cordobes, who acknowledges only his reputation as a womanizer, is curtailing his activities outside the ring these days to dictating his life story—presumably with one of his missing chapters.

Bob Dylan has been sharing his bohemian wisdom with the paying masses for years, and now, for all those who can't discern what his politics—if any—are anymore, he is releasing a 50-minute interview on vinyl. Expanding on subjects such as abortion—"If you eat too much candy, you're going to get sick"—Dylan discusses his secret desire to become a surgeon "who can save someone's life on the highway." As far as the thorny issue of gun control goes,



Antonio pulling four buses in Montreal/48-buses feel pulled by 28 chickens

the manna he asked, "How many times must the cannibals fly before they're forever banished?" High on 80 years ago agrees completely with the stand taken by the Reagan administration. "It won't make any difference. It'll just make it harder for these people who really need protection." The times, they have a-changed.

Freaking a journalism career that spanned 13 years and staves from Drama droughts to politics at Parliament Hill, 30-year-old **Garry Anderson** has jumped the public fence to work for the people about whom he once reported. The *Maase Jaw*, *Black*, native has been appointed to the select position of special assistant to Saskatchewan Premier **Amos Blackney** following his resignation last month from the cabinet over a racist strike-related dispute. After past a week on the new job, Aldridge has concluded that, unlike reporting, where most mistakes tend to be forgotten over time, politics is an area in which "you have to be as careful of everything you say." Of his new boss, Aldridge will say little. "He is one of the few politicians who demands a great deal of respect, both in and out of the media."

Twelve years of flying for Eastern Airlines out of Chicago didn't guarantee desolate Vietnam veteran **Kenneth Ukena** a job last year when he returned to work as **Karen Frances Ukena** after a "gender reassignment operation." Claiming discrimination because of sex change, Ukena, 39, has

launched a \$5-million suit against her former employer, claiming that her medical certificate from the Federal Aviation Administration says she can fly Eastern, which employs two women pilots out of a total of 4,500, says the filing was based solely on "a significant number of negative comments from pilots, indicating, among other things, that they will not fly with [Ukena]."

Steve Nicks, "the mad songwriter" of **Creep** band **Fastwood Mac**, has disembered "the ship that wanders in the night" from a solo cruise with his new album, *Bella Donna*. "They can't possibly handle all of my songs when they record an album every two years," says the blonde super-singer. "It starts to break your heart after a while." Recently elected in court on a charge of plagiarism—a fan accused her of using the lyrics for the band's *Born-Nicks* says, "I wouldn't steal someone else's poem. I could wallpaper a house with my unused poems." Although one of her compositions is featured in the



Super-singer Nicks' (above) 'Body Heat' actress Turner one gets glory outside the other gets respect on the set



Charming young **Trudewas Satch** (above), **Julia and Michel** (below) with **Tamara** (below) **Julia Myrsky**

animated on-4 **Rich Henry** **Met**, Nicks has no designs on a second career in movies. "I got a lot from my two hours of glory onstage with **Fastwood Mac**," he asserts. **Parthenon**. "I hate it when actresses make records—like **Vietnam** **Principles** I hope her record with **Andy Gibb** is terrific. But Lord, the first reaction is 'Oh no, she sings too!'"

If he needs any help charming the leaders of **Reps and Tamara** in the final days of an African voyage last week, **Peter Trudewas**' son, **Julia**, **Nicks** and **Michel** were there to provide it.

After being fated with **Don Perignon** and peach mules **Makuru** by Kenyan President **Daniel Arap Moi**, the elder Trudewas was presented with a unique farewell gift—a pastel portrait depicting him in a black pin-striped suit, his balding pate thatched with considerably more hair than he has had in recent memory. Nine-year-old **Julia** glanced at the photo and crowed it must have been Daddy "before we started to ride on your shoulders and pull out your hair." Explained Trudewas as he loaded the bags off on a visit to **Tamara's** president, **Julia Myrsky**. "Africa al-

ways set things up as they are, but as they should be." **Reps**, meanwhile, agreed that the painting made Trudewas look like an underworld thing.

Anti-Nina in the **Macintosh** **The** **Wall** Center's production of *The Sea Gull* and a 30-month part in an afternoon soap, *The Doctors*, was hardly experience enough for the stony lead in the new movie *Body Heat*. But **Kathleen Turner's** sweet-like voice elevated director **Lawrence Kasdan** to cast her in his smolder romance *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and **Double Indemnity**. Shaking explicit sex scenes with co-star **William Hurt** was a big change for the 31-year-old former Canadian resident. "But I soon lost the self-consciousness and I never heard any disapproval on the set," she maintains. When her driver picked



her up one day and joked, "It's about time you got out of bed," Turner responds a puffer grabbed instead, "Don't you talk to her that way—she's a lady."

In Washington, D.C., circles they never hung up on **Ronald Reagan**. But last week, when the president called to congratulate **Philadelphia** **Phillies** star **Pete Rose** on breaking **Stan Musial's** 18-year-old National League record of 3,550 hits, he just about struck out. Held up by technical difficulties for nearly five minutes, Reagan was nevertheless jovial when he finally heard Rose's voice over the static. "After the long, dry spell, you really brought baseball back in style. I just wanted to offer you congratulations," said Reagan. The chairman, Rose films in the wait by cracking, "It's a good thing there ain't no missiles on the way."

—EDITED BY BARBARA MATTHEWS

A vision shared with the world

The 99th was a fine tune-up for Henley's centennial



Waller with the rewards of a champion. This is the regatta of all regattas.

By Craig Swenson

Back in 1993, Ned Hanlon had his first job at the Henley Course at St. Catharines, Ont. It was part of the Old Welland Canal system then, but as he stood on the tree-shaded banks overlooking the sheltered 2,000-metre stretch of lower water, then Grand Canadian, he felt, from two decades of dominating world rowing, had a vision. In the 79 years since, it has all come true.

Canadian rowing had put together its first formal regatta back in 1868—six races on a July afternoon in Toronto Bay. That, at least, was a start. Over the next 32 years what became known as the Canadian Henley hurried for a home. Races such as Hamilton, Barrie, Rockville and Maxwell all played host to the growing regatta. Then, with the blessing of Hanlon, they tried St. Catharines in 1993.

Ever since, except for two years during the First World War, the rowing world has beaten a path each summer to this community of 130,000 set in the heart of Niagara's vineyards and ac-

cheeds. And from Aug. 5 to 8 the 99th Royal Canadian Henley Regatta was staged, now grown to 54 gold-medal finals (with twice as many elimination heats to trim the field to six in each race). As the largest regatta outside the Soviet bloc, it attracted 1,800 competitors from 90 rowing clubs in its category. At this year's 100th Henley Royal Regatta at Henley-on-Thames, 20 countries competed and women were allowed to row for the first time—in two exhibition races. Less Roy and Denise Mason of the University of Victoria won the Women's Double. At next year's 100th Royal Canadian, when a week of continental celebrations with a COME HOME TO ROWING theme will bring back old courses and overseas crews, the organizers expect a record number of entries and record crowds.

"This is the dream of every one of our crews," said Jack Barakda, the manager of Club St. Catharines's 38-member contingent from Niagara City. "To compete at the Canadian Henley is the ultimate. This is the regatta of all regattas." "The name with us," echoed Nikolai Shaw, who managed Australia's six-member

squad, on hand for their third consecutive Henley. "Our girls train all year long just for the chance to be eligible for this regatta."

The Aussies had some luck this Henley; the Mexicans didn't. A third in the junior 120-pound four was España's best, but Lesann Turner, 20, and Gay Allen, 31, saved the Mexican Rowing Club of Sydney the women's lightweight pair, the third year in a row this event has gone to a down-once entry.

As was expected, the host, St. Catharines Rowing Club, won the over-all Henley title, with 11 individual items, including the championship eight, in which three crack senior lightweighters turned up for the Aug. 25 to 30 World Rowing Championships in Munich by defeating four heavyweight rivals, including defending champion Philadelphia Vesper's Larry Klenzky, a 30-year-old New Rochelle, N.Y., physician, was the individual star of this year's regatta. Seating for the New York Athletic Club, he won the lightweight single dash along with the senior 145- and 160-pound singles then to run his Henley gold medal count to 51—a regatta record.

Pat Waller, a 22-year-old St. Francis Xavier student, topped a four-hour championship singles field for the second time, while Andrea Schreiner, sailing for the Ridley Boat Club of St. Catharines, handsomely captured the women's singles final. ☐

Most of the guests left rather early

As the games passed over Toronto's York University and the Canadian Open tennis tournament last year, the joke ran, "There goes Tap-Send Airlines," as numerous were the delays and departures of the world's best players. Despite the air traffic controllers' strike, the joke still worked last week in Montreal.

In a move prompted by the Women's Tennis Association, this year's Canadian Open was split—the men competing in Montreal last week, the women in Toronto this week. For the Montreal ball, at the new complex at Jarry Park, all went well until the tournament started. The three top men in the sport—Pete Sampras, Boris Becker and Andre Agassi—had been signed and the possibility of a replay of their dramatic matches at Wimbledon earlier this summer had promoters (Imperial Tobacco Ltd.) and fans anxious. But on the eve of the first round, Boris reported from New York that he would be postponing. He would stay with his wife as she underwent surgery, adding that a



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see there would have reflected him anyway. The protesters' voices turned quickly to anger as \$12,000 in fines were levied by day two against no-shows and players withdrawing. Finally, The early cut, no losses, of Canadian hopefuls, including national champ Glen McHabe, though expected, didn't help. But by day four, all dreams of Wimbledon vanished and any hint that this was a major tournament had disappeared.

The game's former bad boy, Connors, first demanded practice time at 10 p.m. Saturday before the tournament. He played against his bodyguard, whose comments offended some women in the stands. Then Connors refused to head-line the first evening's play. When he finally got around to competing, after playing a \$5,000 double-or-nothing private match, he lost in straight sets to fellow American Trey Waltke, who is ranked 52nd in the world.

The upsets continued Wednesday, as Vilas Gonzalez, a top draw and seeded eighth for the Open, lost to Steve Denton, ranked 100th in the world. Denton noted, "It was the worst off-putting by far in my life [a teen-age woman who was at last removed in the final set] that I've ever seen." For protesters, the worst was yet to come.

On Thursday, day four, McEnroe was topped by Jimmy Arieno of India, who allowed, "I don't think John played exceptionally well." Heading into the weekend, which only days earlier had held such promise, just three of the top eight seeds remained. Ironically, for all its problems—including a poor broadcast, rain, questionable officiating, a facile scoreboard that worked only intermittently, no-shows, defaults and upsets—the Open easily set a new attendance record. —Hal Guss

McEnroe after loss. Top-Seed Arieno



Fair winds and an admirable trio

The last America's Cup yacht race held in 1979 was marred by the worst disaster in yachting history when hurricane winds swept the fleet in the Fastnet race and 13 lives were lost. But the 1979 Cup, which wound up with the Fastnet, had the opposite problem, with some boats ending up becalmed.

The last of the five races, for what is considered the world championship of yachting, at times lived up to its name, the Riefler. The fleet was at sea for nearly five days. In the end, the host team from Britain won an eighth Cup, preannouncing it from the previous winner, Australia.

Prior to the championship—three 30-mile square races, a 120-mile Channel race and the 600-mile Fastnet—the Canadian team felt like it was yachting night place as high as second. The crews of the three—Runaway, skippered by Bruce Kirby of Ottawa, Amazing Grace, skippered by Jim Henson of London, Ont., and Fastnet, skippered by John Newton of Vancouver—were at least confident of improving on Canada's 18th-place finish in the 15-team race in 1979. After challenging the 45 other

Amazing Grace full sail sets conference

yachts from 15 countries, their confidence was not entirely misplaced. Approaching the Fastnet, Canadian team manager David Howard was optimistic: "Of course, we will do better than we did in 1979. There's less sea-charge going to those with previous experience and local knowledge." Justifying his optimism was the team's fifth-place position over-all and Amazing Grace's rank of 13th in the individual standings.

Following the disaster of the last Fastnet, stringent safety regulations were introduced, including the requirement that life rafts can be brought to the yacht's guardrail in 15 seconds. The rigorous checking, though onerous for race judges, found the fleet to have a higher standard of readiness than ever before. The preparations happily proved to be only insurance. But with entry of the 1979 trophy fresh, a sea-Cup French yacht in the 384-strong Fastnet fleet put in and retired at Plymouth when a storm threatened.

A strong placing in the Fastnet helped the British maintain their lead, finishing with 514 points. The U.S. collected 718 points for second place and the West German team 706. John Newton guided Fastnet to a 10th in the Fastnet, which led Canada to sixth place over-all, their best ever. —H.Q.

BUSINESS

Captured prey

Noranda buckles to Brascan's financial muscle

By Val Ross

Noranda Mines Ltd. has always seemed an athletic company, lean, fast and daring. Its minority team is a solid wedge of like-minded men, most hired early in their careers by Noranda's past president, John Bradfield, they have never worked for anyone else but Noranda. Bradfield taught his boys that "winning people are different," and passed the way for their corporate body-building. Today Noranda's \$29 billion of production muscle churns out gold, zinc and copper; its subsidiary arms include one of Canada's largest forest products companies,

greedy acquisitions, or the rightful co-ownership owing to a group of personally friendly Anglo Canadians, last week's Brascan-Noranda settlement clearly marked the end of the company's free-wheeling style.

What won its 30-month-long sparring match for Brascan was Brascade Resources Inc., the instant holding company that pooled 24 million Noranda shares already held by Brascan and the Caisse de Depot et Placement du Quebec. Then Brascan, 70-per-cent controlled by Brascan and 30 per cent by the union, arranged a \$1-billion credit line with major banks to buy more shares. Brascade did end up paying



Powrie (left) and Eylon: no more room for maneuvering, as Noranda had to surrender

MacMillan Bloedel Ltd., and one of the country's biggest pools of natural gas. The secret of the resource giant's success has been its secretive, run-anything cockiness. While making investments in unknown exploration companies, it has also teamed enterprises by some of Canada's most powerful men—Conrad Black, Edward and Peter Branson—to gain access to its exclusive, fervently loyal board. Until last Wednesday, it seemed that Noranda and its dynamic CEO, the big, 6-foot, handsome Alf Powell, carried the special luck of the audacious athlete. Whether Noranda's abrupt trip-up was the harbinger of the Branson family-controlled Brascade Ltd. should be seen as the defeat of the authentic bad-boy-manager class by

more (\$46 per share) for less control (32 per cent) than it had originally intended, but in today's volatile take-over contests, where bidding wars can drive a target's stock to two or even three times market value, Noranda came cheap. Brascade's total tally, \$1.1 billion, is not, by current standards, grossly high for what treasurer Conrad Black calls "the Canadian Pacific, the greatest company in Canada."

As Wednesday's hand-drawn twilight wrapped around the silver tower of Toronto's Commerce Court, headquarters of both Brascan and Noranda, two Brascade executives walked into Noranda's boardroom for a victory drink. Brascade's gangly, bespectacled CEO, Trevor Ryten, and his senior vice-president,



Commerce Court: coolest in skyline

Jack Goodwell, had finally won their "point of principle" proportionate representation for Brascan on the about-to-be-expanded Noranda board. "Trev," protested Noranda's Powrie with ironic jealousy, "can't you see there just isn't room at this board table for more directors?" That's all right, Alf, grinned Ryten sweetly, "we don't need taking around new seats."

His tone was a far cry from the bitter wrangling, suits and threatened lawsuits that characterized Brascan's long attempt to win its seats. Briffing at being "bought cheap" by Brascan, Noranda's directors (who between them held a smaller number of shares than Brascan) had shaken their stalker back in 1979 by issuing Noranda shares to Brascade Holdings Ltd., a private company owned by Noranda subsidiaries and affiliates. The 2500 and run may go down in take-over battle history as one of the most insignificant examples of corporate check or record. Though Brascade held off Noranda for more than a year after the 2500 play, guerrilla warfare in the form of mob piles and cold shoulders in Commerce Court elevators continued. Although in June Brascan suddenly scooped up 5.5 million shares of Noranda in the largest single block trade in Toronto Stock Exchange history, Noranda still remained silent on

the subject of board representation. Then, late in the month, the Brascade scheme changed the balance of power in one brilliant stroke. The idea was cooked by Royce and Jean Campeau, chairman of the Caisse de Dépôt et de Placement, a powerful instrument of Quebec government economic policy that controls \$15 billion in pension funds, workers' compensation and auto insurance. For the cause, it settled the political scorecard. While a third of Noranda's assets lie in Quebec, the company has sometimes seemed so dictatorial that René Lévesque once publicly called it "the last paragraph in a letter of a bitch." The Brascade settlement gave the cause at least two seats on the board. For Brascade, however, it is the psychological aspect that makes the Brascade victory since Noranda's executives and board members have seemed desperately to dream up a new direction scheme, but the Zim scheme had created too much controversy to be ruled again. Foreign Investment Review Agency (FIRA) rules precluded a white knight play by a foreign-controlled company such as Gulf Canada Ltd (of which Power is a director) and also Favia. How many Canadian companies with enough economic clout to meet the Brascade challenge can you think of? Conceding at the end of his company's independence, Power admits he felt as if he had been "locked in the gul." But on the Aug. 1 weekend, he did make a last-ditch attempt to break the power of Brascade. Over dinner in Montreal, Campeau and he saw no reason to change his position. A sense between Power and Quebec Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau proved equally fruitless. Power returned to Toronto to forge the inevitable cash settlement and face-saving share price with Brascade. It took a few laughing sessions in the Noranda boardroom to get Brascade's agreement in the \$48 share price. And then it was over.

Looking back over the past two years of corporate push and shove, Toronto analyst Avner Mandelzhan of Bache Halsey Stuart Canada Ltd sighs: "A great waste Noranda's considerable assets could have been better devoted to running Noranda than covering its behind, and the Zim money better spent on exploration and acquisition."

Brascade, adds Mandelzhan, "is now at the hub of corporate power in Canada." This new speculation about partnership between the newly cash-rich Noranda and Brascade in the latter's pursuit of a foreign-controlled oil company. But Power, weary star athlete of the Noranda team, isn't sure whether he will stay in the game. "If there are big changes at Noranda," he says, "I will have to be with a different bunch of people." ☐

A waiting game comes to an end

It must have seemed ironic to Sam Belzberg, waiting in his 18th-floor Vancouver office for that fateful visit. During the past few weeks, the 68-year-old chairman of First City Financial Corp. had hoped his bid for control of Canada's third-largest trust company, Canada Permanent Mortgage Corp. of Toronto, only to see his holdings slip from 71 per cent down to 58 per cent. And now as Sam Turner, one of the two top executives of Genstar Ltd., rode the elevator to First City's art-lined corporate offices to persuade First City to bid that controlling block and pull out also-

change acquisitions, never envisioned a bidding war. In hindsight, says Daniel Pomeroy, Belzberg's right-hand man, when First City assumed its target as 55 per cent of GenPer's shares, "war had been made"—itspe shareholders are allowed, under securities regulations, to withdraw tendered shares if the bidder's name number isn't achieved. That's exactly what happened when Belzberg got only 71 per cent, almost half of those who tendered to First City's paper offer withdrew and waited for a better deal, with only a few re-tendering later. Ultimately, the 48-week battle became a war of nerves between Genstar and First City. With Genstar's enormous financial clout it was a waiting game Belzberg knew he couldn't win. Even though First City was in con-



Belzberg, Genstar's Turner (right), bloodlines blur in the Royal Family's

getting, Belzberg saw his dream of a scandal-free obituary along the Pacific tide below.

By last week, it was official. The most heavily regulated take-over bid in Canadian corporate history had come to an abrupt and surprising end. For \$66 million, Genstar added the Belzberg block to its own chunk of CanPerm shares—a total price of what may reach \$50 million to blend CanPerm's \$4.5-billion assets into its own far-flung conglomerate of construction, land development and financial services. It was no less of a victory for CanPerm's president, Eric Brown, the gritty work-horse who tried to woo first Endeavour and then Canada Trust into a merger before Genstar entered the fray at the eleventh hour. For Brown, the fight was the last personal victory he's likely to have before his retirement next year.

Why did Belzberg give up control? He may not have had much choice. For one thing, First City, which built a modern West Coast real estate and investment concern into 1985's best performer among trust companies by share ex-

change acquisitions, never envisioned a bidding war. In hindsight, says Daniel Pomeroy, Belzberg's right-hand man, when First City assumed its target as 55 per cent of GenPer's shares, "war had been made"—itspe shareholders are allowed, under securities regulations, to withdraw tendered shares if the bidder's name number isn't achieved. That's exactly what happened when Belzberg got only 71 per cent, almost half of those who tendered to First City's paper offer withdrew and waited for a better deal, with only a few re-tendering later. Ultimately, the 48-week battle became a war of nerves between Genstar and First City. With Genstar's enormous financial clout it was a waiting game Belzberg knew he couldn't win. Even though First City was in con-

trol with 55 per cent of the shares, it wasn't willing to live with such a dominant partner—yet couldn't afford to buy out the Genstar shares either. "Genstar has a history of persevering," says John Chase, the complementary vice-president of corporate affairs. As for Genstar, the biggest hurdle may be Canada's Foreign Investment Review Agency (FIRA), which revoked Genstar's Canadian status in 1983—now reinstated just last month in the heat of the take-over battle by Herb Gray, industry, trade and commerce minister. The fact is that Genstar, founded and still heavily influenced by Belgian investors, now centres so much of its activity in the U.S. that there is real concern over whether it should exercise control over a Canadian trust company. Genstar's big executives, headquartered in San Francisco, aren't concerned: deputy-chairman Charles de Bar's Hapsburg bloodlines are more blue than the British Royal Family's and, since the company's arrival in Canada more than 25 years ago, its political connections stand virtually unswayed. Says Turner: "We wouldn't have pursued the acquisition if we didn't believe we'd get by."

—DAVID COATES



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Fergus, Ont., Town Hall: Hope after citizens' six-year struggle

ARCHITECTURE

Facing the wrecker's ball

The fight to preserve a cultural heritage gains urgency

By Shona McKay

Today the great windows are boarded over and the thick limestone walls caged only by the summer sky. Yet the Town Hall in Fergus, Ont., harks back to a nobler past. The building was constructed in 1888 to serve as a drill hall during the threat of the Fenian raids, inside, the faded oak paneling and crumbling peach-colored plaster recall a stage for travelling theatrical troupes. Pat Mooney, 56, a lifelong resident of Fergus, has recently completed a historical survey of the hall. "Almost everyone still has a memory connected with it," she notes. "Some of our older residents even remember the boys being fired there upon their return from the First World War."

Across this country, it is buildings like the Town Hall in Fergus that represent Canadian society's roots. Marc Dembo, director of research at Heritage Canada from 1977 until 1979, states that "People in Canada may not think that a town hall or a railroad station is comparable to St. Paul's Cathedral or the Vatican, but certainly it would argue that these structures have as much relevance in terms of our history." What makes the Fergus Town Hall singular is that, unlike the old Capital Theatre in Halifax, unlike many buildings that predated the Battle of the Plains at Abraham on Quebec City's waterfront, unlike the Fire Hall built in 1875 in Port Hope, Ont., and unlike countless other historic proper-

ties across Canada, it will probably be saved from the wrecker's ball.

The creation of associations such as the Heritage Canada Foundation, a privately run organization founded in 1973 and funded originally with an endowment from the federal government, has done much to heighten awareness of heritage concerns among politicians and the public. Commune Martin Weaver, director of education and technical services at Heritage Canada. "Some of the really shocking demolitions which used to occur literally weekly are getting rarer," but so, conversationalists worry, are the remaining historic buildings. The fight to preserve what's left is being played out in a ring filled with many opponents. Confronted by high-level bureaucracy, convoluted legislations and money problems, the

part is, more often than not, the lower. The responsibility for historic sites in Ottawa, among many bureaucracies: Parks Canada, the department of public works, Canada Mortgage and Housing Corp., Heritage Canada, provincial governments and municipalities. Peter John Stokes, a restoration architect in Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., deplores the tangle of red tape that obstructs private initiative, direct communication and immediate decisions. "It is only by a tremendous persistence and doggedness on the part of the individual that some projects do come about." In Fergus, it took a group of private citizens six years to convince the town council to expropriate the hall from its owner, the Melville United Church, some of whose members wanted to tear the building down.

While bureaucracy confuses with fancy paperwork, legislation confronts heritage conservationists with a left hook. Officials from Heritage Canada have been fighting a years-long battle with Revenue Canada to amend the Income Tax Act, which favors parking lots over historic sites. While deductions exist, they are too deductable, a building must be taxed as an asset—which explains why Old Montreal's industrial sector was systematically razed over the past 20 years. Says Michael Fish, a Montreal architect and long time heritage defender: "A wasteland has been created."

Laws to promote conservation from the federal level are conspicuous by their absence. As for provincial laws, their value is dubious. All provinces have adopted some form of heritage legislation within the past 10 years, and each province except Ontario has the right to order a stay of demolition. But reacting that night is a matter of choice. This factor will determine the fate of Vancouver's CPR Roundhouse. Situated in the west end of the province's future showcase development, B.C. Place, the structure is slated for demolition. Donald Youngson, chairman of a group calling themselves Friends of the Round-

Vancouver's CPR Roundhouse. History takes way for a showcase project



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Fish "a woodsland has been created"

house, notes that he is "not interested in saving the building for the building's sake." Rather he feels that the Roundhouse, built in 1887 as the railroad's western terminus, can be integrated within the project. "By keeping it, you create some kind of continuity between past and present." Although the R.C. Heritage Trust has supported attempts to save the building, the museum in charge of heritage, Edwin Wolfe, has ignored the plea to have the Roundhouse protected by provincial law. Remarks frantically: "The people with the expertise made a decision based on the facts, but a politician had the last say."

The great issue of historic properties is economics. The main reason behind the push to tear down the Roundhouse (a high-density housing development can be built), economics also explained the demolition of Harrison Hall in Chatham, Ont., this spring. A handsome Renaissance revival structure, Harrison Hall was considered less profitable than the shopping mall that is replacing it. However, restoration involves many more unknown factors—from defunct plumbing to torn-out floors—than raising and rebuilding, so developers are often justifiably reluctant to take on a heritage property.

The choice to tear down and rebuild is rarely expensive. Chris Cornish, president of Boobrown Development Corp., has been the villain for a group of Hamilton, Ont., residents who are trying to save the majestic Bank of Montreal Building, built in 1908. Cornish, who has owned the building since 1978, has joined heritage associations in a two-year effort to get the bank to use "The building is monumental in scale and terrible to keep up," explains Cornish. "While everyone is in favor of preserving it, no one wishes to occupy and pay for it." Costing \$15,000 a month to be vacant, the building may possibly become yet another parking lot.

Instantly enough, it may be econo-

mics that will eventually save historic architecture. When the city of Halifax leased part of its own downtown core in the late '80s to eventually make way for the Scotia Square industrial and residential complex, all existing services—everything from sewage systems to parking—had to be realigned and expanded. Beyond this initial expense, the area still costs more to maintain than its contributors in taxes. By contrast, Gastown in Vancouver, having undergone restoration for more than a decade, is reportedly costing the city no more to service than previously. Notes Denham: "Single market forces will prevail and render it imperative for Canadian governments to consider the heritage option before the end of the decade."

The question remains as to whether Canadians can afford to wait that long. The lack of direct government participation—especially in the area of funding—becomes more glaring as historic buildings disappear. The shortage of money has lately begun to hamper conservationists' efforts in the one area where they have been making headway: education. Heritage Canada—which must survive on the interest provided by its initial grant, a sum continually being undermined by high inflation—confronted with the prospect of curtailing some of its most innovative endeavors. The Mainstreet Program, which encourages municipalities to revitalize their downtown cores and thereby maintain their character (like effects can already be seen in Nelson, B.C., and Perth, Ont.), will be among the first to go. Although many conservation-minded individuals and groups have yet to lose hope, the problems they face have created an underlying mood of frustration and cynicism. The observations of Anthony Adamson, a former associate professor of architecture at the University of Toronto, are typical. "The problem is, people are slow," he states. "And if people are slow, they deserve to lose their heritage." ☐



Hooked on portable music

By Wendy Dennis

A walking teen-ager bursts into a downtown stereo shop and demands, "Give me the biggest radio ya got." Minutes later, "loudest boom" strapped to his bopping body, he's ready to share his audio fix—Bob Marley at 30 watts per channel—with the world. At the next corner is a stereomaniacally attired customer writhed with the featherweight headset of a hip aesthetic package size cassette recorder. Cautiously glazed eyes and tapping feet signal a Sony Walkman habit. Whatever the portable-music junkie's craving (and each views the other's with contempt) there appears to be no known cure. Across the country, it seems, everybody's hooked.

No one is happier about the addiction than Sony, whose stereo Walkman, introduced in Tokyo's Elsewhere youth district in 1959, triggered a headphone audio craze that reached worldwide proportions this year. Sony ads boast of the "Walkman revolution." For once, this may not be a poppy line. "Walkmans are taking me up one hill, while Nelson takes me up another."

Though sports enthusiasts are keen buyers, the tiny cassette is just as likely to peek from the pocket of a three-piece suit as from a jogging suit. One retailer remembers a policeman who wanted to drown out forever his wife's pleas that he do the dishes. And Yoko Ono, who is expecting a second child in Toronto this month, plans to listen to the strains of Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons*. "Usually I like funky jazz," says Stein, "but I don't think that's what I'll want when things get hot and heavy."

If sound and soul sell the Walkman, however, for those mountain climbing, chorused soulless teen-agers have been dragged from beach to shopping mall for the past two summers, but especially this one. Averaging about seven



Wood stroller: A stereophonic high

times "With the headset on I just lost or gave," Wiley recalls. "These Commaguns take me up one hill, while Nelson takes me up another."

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kilograms, the " ghetto blaster"—so named because of its original devotees in New York's Harlem and the Bronx—costs anywhere from under \$200 to upwards of \$2,000 for a model sporting 35 cm woofers. John Kuskmen, assistant manager of consumer products for JVC Canada Inc., manufacturer of the popular hi-fi sets, admits, "You bigger the unit the better it sells." To avoid losing customers who tend to trade up from smaller models, JVC is marketing a 13 kg box this month. Says Mark Johnson, buyer for Winnipeg's Advance TV and Car Stereo Centre Ltd.: "More and more people are getting the bug."

The machine can be strapped to the carrier's front, back or side, clutched in a bag-hold or dipped at its end in a one-finger dangle. Incidents reveal that carrying styles signal to other blaster users the owner's musical preference, as if 500 detritals of peak rock were not identification enough. Granulose can dignified salesman, when asked to describe the box-buying set, "100,000 idiots who want to draw attention to themselves." John Bates, a Toronto editor, agrees. "These things are a modern form of assault," he insists. Bates should know. Earlier that summer he narrowly missed being punched when he asked a bus-driver as the subway to turn the music down. "He immediately turned the machine even louder and used a string of obscenities," says Bates.

Meanwhile, the best goes on. And, says Arnold Rackman, chairman of the sociology department at Adirondack College, York University, the world will be a happier place because of it. According to Rackman, both the headphone set, which lets its owners retreat into an "imaginary soundscape," and the blaster, which "drums off violent impulses" and claims for its carriers a "total turf," grant users control over the sensory environment. But 20-year-old Denise Thompson, playing Bob Seger at modest volume on his Famous Glee Blaster outside Toronto's Eaton Centre, has a simpler explanation: "I'll had a car, I'd have a stereo. But if you're just Joe Selesco walking along the street, you gotta have some music."

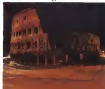
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So what is the Stock surprise? (The price)



Civilians are watching the watchmen

By Fred Blazer

Last July 30 an elderly woman called Metro Toronto's public complaints commissioner protesting that a policeman had come to her door at 1 a.m. to charge her with a traffic offence. Not only was the officer's timing ungalant, she insisted, but he was also rude to her, and in the process of questioning he abused her.

The incident is remarkable not for its improbability but because it was one of the first to be brought before Canada's latest—and most controversial—office of civilian review of police. On July 20 the Ontario government passed its new Police Services Act, which gave the province's public complaints commissioner the authority to intervene between Metro Toronto police and anyone complaining of abuse by the force. For the first time in Canada a civilian will review all charges made against police. The Toronto project gives the commissioner authority to convene a tribunal with quasi-judicial powers, from recommending a dismissal from the force. New Brunswick's civilian review procedure comes similar civil, but other provinces in Quebec, B.C., Saskatchewan and Alberta lack such a comprehensive mandate.

There is general agreement that steps must be taken to raise police-community tensions. East and West Indian, Oriental and native groups, growing in size and assertiveness, claim they suffer beatings, so-called misconduct (usually verbal abuse and intimidation). But the three-year B.I.-initiated project has failed to suppress some 50 minority and civil rights groups, led by Alld David White, have already formed a citizens' organization that would independently monitor and publicly allege police transgressions. "You can't expect people who are afraid of the police," says White, "to go back to them with their complaints, which is what they'll still have to do under the new system."

Current methods of police review offer virtually no remedy for victims. After recent police acquittals in the widely publicized Albert Johnson killing and other cases (Maclean's, Jan. 18), the public feels it's almost impossible to successfully prosecute a police officer in court. The only other avenue of redress in most Canadian jurisdictions is an often halfhearted investigation of the alleged offence by the police force itself, followed by internal discipline. In Metro Toronto last year, for example, the police Citizens Complaints Bureau



Linden scrutinizing the men in blue

disposed of 588 cases. No action was deemed necessary in 930 investigations. Only three officers were charged under the Police Act, and 38 were deprived of a few days' work or reprimanded. Alan Grant, Gageville Hall law professor and a former chief inspector of the London, England, city police force, explains, "There's a natural resistance to dig up humiliating evidence against a guy who might lose your life next day."

The administration's answer to the legitimacy question is to keep complaints independent in the hands of the



Perfectly agreeable? Toronto police

police, but give the victim no more power to scrutinize all investigations 30 days after police receive them except in cases deemed "exceptional" by London, Ontario, Attorney-General Roy McMurtry. He insists it's the only possible compromise between those in favor of overhauling the system and "the majority of the public," who believe any reduction of police powers threatens a peaceful society.

According to Chief Jack Ackroyd, Metropolitan Toronto police are "perfectly agreeable" about co-operating with the project. But ethnic, labor and civil rights groups are still fighting for an entirely civilian investigation department before the project is endorsed by legislation this fall. "We need thorough investigations," says Peter Mackey, former co-ordinator of the Canadian for Gay Rights in Toronto. In light of the recent allegations of discrimination surrounding bathroom raids by Toronto police, Mackey has adopted a hard line. "The function of the present setup is to make sure that the complainant is always wrong and that the officer doesn't get hurt." Alan Sharkey, general counsel of the Canadian Civil Liberties Association, argues that the 30-day delay before police pass on investigation results means that the commissioner "will have to be clairvoyant" to discover investigation cover-ups.

For his part, Linden is eager to dispel pessimism. He insists that the commissioner's proposed powers to subpoena witnesses, search and seize police records can under public pressure will soon persuade police investigators to run a tough and honest outfit. He adds that as commissioner, he will have his own staff of two civilian investigators and will be able to order independent inspection with no police involvement.

Other jurisdictions will be keeping a close watch on Toronto's experiment. The attorney-general's office in the Manitoba government has prepared a draft bill calling for a civilian commission. In Nova Scotia, a provincial commission report on police activities, released July 30, likewise recommended a civilian review mechanism. And a national review system is recommended with the expected passage of the federal government's Bill C-69, creating an advisory body to monitor the RCMP.

The Toronto project will be a tough test, unless Linden's definition can be communicated to all sides. Says Linden quipped: "I'm not a warrior in the police world. If that isn't enough power I don't know what is." ☐

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BEHAVIOR

Determining who's boss

From the time humans made it their prerogative to domesticate wild animals, dog owners in particular have thought themselves the masters of their house. But after six years of dogged research, a veterinarian at Ontario's University of Guelph, Donald McKenna, has now distinguished 14 different kinds of aggression in *Canis familiaris*—one of which causes some dogs to act as the veritable lords of the household. If unchecked, a dog's asphy tendencies can lead to viciousness.

Whether a dog is protecting its young, chasing the neighbor's cat or terrorizing the mailman, it is displaying one of the three main types of aggression: maternal, predatory and territorial. If these patterns seem common, McKenna's interpretations are not. For example, he believes the kindly pug as a poech's head challenges the dog's sense of dominance and may provoke an attack. The feisty German shepherd that



jumps up to greet his master is really making a power play. Another seemingly innocuous display of dominance occurs when a dog refuses to relinquish his favorite resting spot.

The potential for aggressive behavior differs from breed to breed, ranging from the highest in Doberman to the lowest in basset hounds. To avoid choosing an overbearing canine, McKenna suggests a timorous would be owner test for a suitable pet, since pups display their ferocity as early as the 80th week, a pet lover can gauge aggressiveness by holding the animal upside down or forcing its jaws shut. The more the

hound resists, the more likely it will disrupt the family peace.

The underlying reason for canine aggression harks back to the dog's common ancestry with the wolf. McKenna goes so far that even the lowest must in genetically hard to reach the highest level is the canine equivalent of a pecking order. As a result, pet owners must assert their authority or risk a difficult relationship. Adds McKenna: "Since the dog looks upon the family as his pack, he needs to know his place with a dominant human for good emotional health."

—JANE ROBERTS
With Photos by Naomi Kallio

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Obesity's revamped image

Are some pudgy calorie-counters programmed to be fat?

By Kathleen McDonnell

The Rubenesque lady who wears a blue robe like a third in a stock character in comic movies. But just how wide of the mark is she? Experts have long been puzzled by the fact that many overweight North Americans have gained pounds eating no more than many thin people do. Now recent studies by Canadian and American researchers are adding fuel to the growing conviction that certain people may indeed be "genetically programmed for obesity," in the words of Dr. Charles Holsenberg, professor of medical research at the University of Toronto. Part of the problem may lie in obese people's cells, rather than in the amount of food they consume. And even when they do eat too much, it may be because their brains aren't signalling satiation.

One University of Toronto team headed by Holsenberg's colleague, metabolic specialist Dr. Daniel Rowan, has found that the fat cells of the massively obese behave differently—in the lab, at least—from those of people closer to normal weight. Rowan's group has found a way to isolate "precursor," or immature, fat cells and grow them in mouse cultures. These precursor cells develop into mature fat cells and, as now known, contrary to past belief, to occur in the masses of adult humans.

Rowan's group studied immature fat cells from a group of massively obese subjects—people who are more than 70 per cent over their desirable weight, and who are already known to have more fat cells in their bodies than their leaner counterparts. When these cells



And now probing satiation signals

were compared with those from the moderately overweight and lean subjects, obese people's cells grew and reproduced at a markedly greater rate, a phenomenon that persisted even after some obese subjects had lost weight. This suggests, says Rowan, an "aberration inherent in the cells," which, when triggered by environmental factors such as changes in exercise or eating patterns, may contribute to weight gain.

There is also evidence that other genetic factors are at work in the more moderately overweight. Specifically, there may be important differences between the obese and nonobese people's metabolic rates, which allow the former to burn up calories more effectively. A

group of researchers at Boston's Beth Israel Hospital reported late last year that energy use in the red blood cells of a group of obese subjects was 22 per cent less than in a control group of more normal weight. Put simply, these findings imply that some obese people may be intrinsically "less efficient." The small, curvy, their bodies take less food to make them "go."

Holsenberg points out that the Boston findings have yet to be confirmed. Moreover, University of Ottawa biochemist Dr. Jean Himeon-Hagen believes that red blood cells "are not that important in determining the overall metabolic rate." Himeon-Hagen is working on a different hypothesis to discover the key to the apparent differences in metabolism. Her pioneering animal studies (see *Obesity*, March 11, 1989) have already demonstrated that brown fat cells, which contain more mitochondria, or "factories," than the far more common white fat cells, do not function efficiently at low temperatures in certain strains of obese mice. The brown fat cells of other normal-weight mice conversely burn up food at a very high rate when subjected to cold. This led Himeon-Hagen and others to



Hubsies nudges new height-weight chart toward a fatter standard

suggest there may be brown fat abnormalities in some obese people as well. But, while brown fat occurs in infants, attempts to demonstrate its existence in adults have so far been frustrated by practical difficulties. "You cannot recognize brown fat by eye," Himeon-Hagen says. "It looks like white fat, even under the microscope."

These findings about the body's energy balance, however, may tell only part of the story. If some fat people are exceptionally fuel efficient, why isn't that information "read out by the brain to tell the individual to eat less?" asks Harvey Anderson, the chairman of the University of Toronto's department of nutrition and food science. Anderson thinks he may have a clue to the answer. The current study offers preliminary indications that brain chemistry in the obese differs from that of leaner people, allowing for different "satiation signals" in the obese and thus affecting their appetites. If Anderson's theory is correct, one result may be the development of a drug made from food components such as amino acids, which have been shown to trigger satiation centres in the brain very specifically. Drugs such as amphetamines "are like using a shotgun," he says. "You hit the target and everything else. We're looking for a bullet that will go straight to the target."

None of the new studies imply that calories no longer count, or that some people are simply born to be fat. Just as a genetic predisposition to cancer or diabetes need not inevitably bring on the disease, so metabolic abnormalities and not doom a person to a life of overweight. But neither do the findings suggest that a dramatic shortcut cure for obesity is on the horizon. Anderson's "bullet" would probably be reserved for the extremely and grossly overweight minority. Says Holsenberg: "Fundamentally, we still have to try and change eating patterns, which is a very difficult thing to get people to do." What knowledge about genetic factors in obesity will do, he says, is "allow us to zero in on certain families and groups. We can then tell people not only what kind of foods they should be eating to lose weight, but also what kinds of foods will make them feel like eating less."



While the fat lady—and man—will have to count calories, they can at least take comfort in the fact that they're probably not as fat as they think they are. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is revising its popular height and weight charts and will be releasing complete guidelines this December (see preliminary chart for 40- to 60-year-olds). The good news: desirable weights will be increased by at least 10 pounds. ◇



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	Old 145-154	Old 125-134
	5'7"-5'10"	5'3"-5'6"
	New 155-164	New 125-134
	Old 140-149	Old 115-124
	5'3"-5'6"	4'11"-5'2"
	New 150-159	New 115-124
	Old 135-144	Old 105-114
		

Peregrinations of a language drunk

S.J. Perelman's comic verbosity is humor that endures

THE LAST LAUGH
by S.J. Perelman
(Museum, \$19.95)

Calling someone a language drinker is as little as calling someone else a terrorist. We still have to know what form his writings take. These who resist the temptation to record too fully of his humor (laughs are common, earned laughs prevail) find themselves alone and often without a genre. For Perelman laid to rest the possibility, which was his aim for Greek tragedy in Baroque manner, but in the fields of poetry and music. And the humorist within an established genre always has a more difficult task than others working the same path. A serious essayist, after all, only has to think great thoughts and write them elegantly. A language-drunkist such as Stephen Leacock must make it funny on top of all that. No wonder we have to settle for notions for our weekly chuckle.

This last collection of essays by S.J. Perelman manages to be thoughtful, elegant and, above all, funny. Whether one considers his influence or the excellence of his writings, he must be ranked with the great humorists of this century. He created the genre, which is just it, not a genre at all, anyone who attempts to join it (such as Woody Allen) is merely imitating Perelman.

He is sometimes called a satirist because so much of what he wrote exploits Hollywood and Madison Avenue failures. But Perelman was at his best when writing about nothing. Like P.G. Wodehouse, whose plots were so delightfully artificial that they are perhaps as close as substance ever comes to nothingness. But Perelman was at his best when he was chosen for his style. Usually a small item, perhaps in *The Town of London* (Perelman was an anglophile or Verneer, would set him off as his improbable escapade a crown mention that R.H. Parker wrote his parts so short and Perelman in skyline to London to track down a pair of the writer's trousers to approve the culture. "The longer I thought about it, the more convinced I grew that there was an origin that happened for royalties, he writes of the trial. "The belletristic style of poets, after all, could not be misnamed." Thus, von Perelman's



Perelman thought his elegant, funny

comment that one day he realized that everything in his closet was out of date because about a six-page play set in a closet. So slight are the matters under discussion that Perelman can twist and turn whatever way he wants. This is especially true in his earlier works, which were marked by a chaotic absurdity that contrasted with that of the Marx Brothers (for whom he worked on *Monkey Business* and *Monkey Business*). Many of his later essays were memoirs or accounts of his world peregrinations, which were very funny in large part because of the complex persona he disguised. He was a hapless arbiter, out of place everywhere (see *Acres and Acres* for a classic account of City Man losing to his farmhouse) and innocently teased on the ears of his childhood, where the facts and frivolities remained for him the eternal and the ordinary. One of Perelman's style is his love of words. One can consistently use him

treating a plot just so he will have a chance to use verbal oddities such as a book found in "terrificating," green glass or a champagne party about a "shabazz" in the NY. He likes puns (an adolescent young woman is said to have sprung from "a pride of leeches," which, his sister abhors, he says, "My children had called it"). But mainly he loves any language that has left to it, whether it is an exotic word that sticks around the tongue, a baroque construct that joins it into dreamlike or slang that gets the job done in a precise way. If he is drunk on language, he is in the type of laudable who becomes more and more exact in his movements the deeper he imbibes. For example, Perelman was one of the last six people to use the word "panache" correctly.

Perelman died in 1979 and the superbly titled *The Last Laugh* collects his last essays from *The New Yorker*. In addition, there are four chapters from an unfinished autobiography called *The Firstlight Dawn* in play on British, in life *The Foreigner*. Since these fragments recount his time with the Marx Brothers, Nathaniel West, Dorothy Parker and assorted Hollywood moguls. For those not familiar with his work it is not the best place to begin, but it is the fitting George himself, for he seems to assume that by now you know roughly who he is. Yet it is a very funny collection made somewhat poignant by the knowledge that this is the last in a string of outlandish Perelman's many of us have enjoyed. —DAVID WASSERBERG

MACLEAN'S BEST SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 Noble House, Charles (4)
- 2 Noble Park, South (4)
- 3 God Emperor of Dune, Herbert (4)
- 4 The Covenant, McEwan (4)
- 5 The Good and the Beautiful, (4)
- 6 The Good and the Beautiful, (4)
- 7 The Good and the Beautiful, (4)
- 8 The Good and the Beautiful, (4)
- 9 The Good and the Beautiful, (4)
- 10 The Good and the Beautiful, (4)

Nonfiction

- 1 The Lord God Made Them All, Moore (4)
- 2 The Lord God Made Them All, Moore (4)
- 3 The Lord God Made Them All, Moore (4)
- 4 The Lord God Made Them All, Moore (4)
- 5 The Lord God Made Them All, Moore (4)
- 6 The Lord God Made Them All, Moore (4)
- 7 The Lord God Made Them All, Moore (4)
- 8 The Lord God Made Them All, Moore (4)
- 9 The Lord God Made Them All, Moore (4)
- 10 The Lord God Made Them All, Moore (4)

(1) Photos: Ian Cook

The South Pacific. It's not just for travelers. It's for explorers.

There's high
Rarotonga. Names of a
summer afternoon
dream. Once hard to
find and hard to get to
Now Air New Zealand
gets you there easily
and affordably. And
because we've been
there before you, we'll
get your adventure on
easy street.

First stop, Tahiti.

You can begin
with the day goes
properly known as the
Society Islands. The
language is French
and, of course, English
is spoken. The life
styles are often run by
Chinese. French bread
is delivered to your
doorstep. And facilities
are everywhere just
waiting for you to pick
one up and pick off in
some remote beach.

The airport at
Rarotonga sits on the
water. The yellow car
is white and it's a boat.
The trip to your hotel
could be the most
beautiful taxi ride in the world.

Now, what about the appetite you've
gotten worked up? A delicious Tahitian
feast of pork and breadfruit cooked in an
underground oven will fit in tomorrow
you can stretch to the classic French cooking
of Le Bénédictine, high in the mountains
overlooking Papeete harbor.

And after dinner, a sunset viewed from
one of the world's most beautiful beaches
Don't worry about getting lost — just follow
your footprints back.

Next, the Pacific's longest islands.

First New Zealand. Wonder about the
sheep and the population of Auckland
Then wander to the breathtaking scenery
of the countryside.

On to Australia. Lose yourself in the
vastness of the outback. And return to



civilization is vibrant, exciting Sydney and
Melbourne.

The friendliest people you'll ever want
to meet live down under.

In New Zealand they'll invite you right
into their homes. And show you where to
get security that hasn't already been so
young. Along the way,
you'll discover that the
dollar goes a lot further than
you might expect. Look for two
at a quaint tavern in a town at only \$10.
A more \$10 buys you a motel room for the first
And instead of tipping, the tradition here
is to say "thank you."

Fiji and Rarotonga. The perfect ending.

In Fiji you'll find that
natural relaxation has been

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blending with British
tradition for over a
hundred years. You'll
enjoy great-day free
shopping in Bladd.
And a bustling outdoor
market in London.

At night you can
enjoy native dances in
beds of heat and cold. And
dream of your final
stop, Rarotonga in the
Cook Islands.

Once there, you
can pick your own ex-
otics and oranges
from lush tropical
plantations. And get
acquainted with a
spray of new flowers
and plants. Or catch a
fast deep-sea sail
along Viti Levu
where the winds are
break, the view perfect
and the day thrilling.

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the South Pacific for
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this most beautiful part of the world.

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age tour. After all, more tour operators
feature Air New Zealand than any other airline
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Proof in an electric pudding

Piggy Duff's modern arrangements are enriching the traditional songs of Newfoundland

The fog swirls into the narrow harbor to wrap the tiny whitewashed village of Quidi Vidi, Nfld., in a silver gloss. The haunting, powerful song on the wind seems to be coming from nowhere and everywhere at once, evoking a legendary tragedy at sea. Cymbals ring softly like the muffled snore of ocean waves and the bass belows of a sorrowful mariner like the wind. Then the pensive note, *The Drunken Hunter*, ends for the thousandth time since it was first sung on the bleak Labrador coast. But so in other areas of Newfoundland life, technology has caught up to Newfoundland's folk traditions: this version of the lament is battered with the rock 'n' roll rhythm of an electric bass and drums.

The mood changes quickly in the cozy, smoky interior of the tiny Quidi Vidi Inn at 6:45, as singer Pamela Marpan breaks into the breezy *Tyler Beloved the Door in her soft accent*. "Hogot this maid behind the door/Gently laid her on the floor." Life was not all shipwrecks in those parts, as merchant seamen will discover this month when Piggy Duff (named after a boozy, rum-soaked pudding) begins a tour of Western Canada and the Eastern United States. A year ago, Piggy Duff was the surprise hit of the Philadelphia Folk Festival, one of the major festivals on the coast. "Piggy Duff was the freshest breath of new music in the whole festival," says Philly Week 66, as proprietress Linda Hennessey puts it, while serving a tray of Black Horse and Blue Star beer through the fall house of students and laborers, teenagers and old fishermen. "Everybody loves Piggy Duff."

But popularity at home did not come easily. "We did it for the love of the music, boy," says Neal Diaz, 33, the drummer and band leader whose long black hair and beard give him a medieval look. A veteran of Newfoundland rock groups, Diaz always wanted to play "the old stuff" and was a major catalyst in the revival of traditional music over the past decade. But between the two extremes of country and waltz followers and purists who see tradition as sacred and unchangeable,

Piggy Duff's blend of old and new did not find ready audiences at first among their fellow Newfoundlanders. Through six years and several member changes the band persisted, weaving the varied musical background of Newfoundland into an eclectic hybrid of classical, rock and folk. Instead of the commercial *It's the 8th That Shakes the Boat* variety, they found relatively unknown native ballads, laments, jigs and reels as well as some that lead back to Ireland, England and France. They spent months in the airports, learning songs around

variants of the blues, which forms the language of most rock 'n' roll. The arrangements start from the ground rule that the original tunes and words will be preserved and then, in what Diaz calls a "dead-smacking arranger," the group juggles combinations of tin whistle, electric bass, accordion, drums and other instruments around, say, a 16th-century tune based on an ancient modal scale. "Traditional" music means it has to survive through all the generations in a way that gives meaning, so there's a link," Diaz says.



Piggy Duff's ground rule that the original words and tunes must be preserved

kitchen tables from singers in their 60s and 70s who were delighted that their music would not die with them. "It would get the old people starchy-eyed, sometimes," recalls accordionist Geoff Butler, 32, who shelved plans for medical school three years ago to join the band. "That's the sort of thing that gave us the energy to keep going."

The band moved to Toronto briefly in 1978, and found audiences fiercer with the "trad-rock" of such British groups as Fairport Convention and Steeleye Span, who made the genre famous in the 1970s. The style grew directly from English folk revival of the American

"It's a revolutionary thing as well as a traditional thing."

Revolution is catching. Their first album was released in Canada last December and is expected to be released before Christmas in Britain and West Germany. "Oh, it's lovely music they make," says Elton Carroll, the 70-year-old singer from Stephentown who taught the band *More Silks*, which she learned from her mother. When she's in St. John's, the band chauffeurs her to their concerts and back—their link to the past remains strong. Sometimes it's hard to know where revolution ends and tradition begins. —MICHAEL CLAYTON



SIX YEARS OLD AND SMOOTIE AS SILK



It doesn't take gas.

Down the road, you may be able to get into a car that runs along on electricity instead of gasoline.

Dozens of companies are currently refining designs for electric vehicles and testing them for performance and efficiency.

Last year, Ontario Hydro began a program to assess the practicality of electric vehicles and hybrid cars using gasoline and electricity and their effect on Ontario's electricity supply should they come into popular use. This year, they will expand the program on behalf of the Ministry of Energy to concentrate on the research, development and demonstration of parts and components.

Why all this activity? It's because there is a need to find a reasonable alternative to oil and gasoline as soon as possible.

In many ways, electric vehicles could prove ideal. They are quiet and clean. They don't waste energy because the power shuts off when they're not moving. And electric vehicles can be conveniently recharged at night when less electricity is being used for other purposes.

Research shows that most people's driving is done in urban-suburban trips within a 60 kilometre radius. So for deliveries, shopping, going to and from work, and picking up the kids from school, the electric car could really fill the bill.

One of the realities of the electric car to date, is that it costs more and does less than gasoline vehicles. While performance figures vary, most electric cars today reach a top speed of 90 kilometres an hour. At lesser speeds they travel about 70 kilometres before they need an 8 to 10-hour re-charge.

Acceleration abilities still need improvement too. Depending on the type of battery used, it can take up to 10 seconds to go from 0 to 30 kilometres an hour.

Both the problems and the promises of the electric car lie in the batteries that power them. Available battery banks weigh up to

600 kilograms and lose their efficiency in cold weather.

Electric vehicle maintenance is low and no tune-ups are needed. However, the batteries are expensive and must be replaced at a cost of about \$1,500 every 40,000 kilometres.

Despite present costs and technical difficulties, proponents of the electrical vehicle believe it will have an important role on the road in the future. One major automobile manufacturer plans to have electric vehicles in its model line-up for the mid-eighties.

As gasoline supplies become increasingly uncertain and prices continue to rise, driving electric may be our best form of private transportation at prices we can afford.

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FILMS

The long yawn of the law

FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER

Directed by Ronald Nease

Visually, *First Monday in October* is truly arresting. It looks as if it was made in the '60s. Nearly everything else about this adaptation of the Broadway play seems tinged with the patina of the Eisenhower era, too, from the titling writing to a directing style that boasts the ability to follow characters from room to room. A fairly responsive to the conclusion of the movie might well be, "That's it" followed

by the movie-makers might just as well have used a *comedian*. The Madeline Kahn Clayburgh doesn't have the authority for the role, giving the movie an added element of farce. Dan Snow is Oscar from *The Old Guard* in a political role. Wasn't Walter Matthau—just for a change—play a fastidious

character? But there is one thing to be grateful for: he doesn't appear in his shorts this time.

First Monday in October (the title refers to the beginning of the Supreme Court's term each year) is a dud play stretched into a movie with stock shots. There's not much else you can do with writing that has various veins. Within the movie industry the major complaint these days is the lack of decent writers—writers who know how to tell a story visually. Anyone doubting that is hereby referred to *First Monday in October*.

—LAWRENCE TOLLE



Madeline Kahn and Clayburgh stretch into a piddling movie

writing by "Why did they bother?" *First Monday in October* is a piddling, anti-social affair leaving little trace on the memory.

Fate, however, has been kind and given it some after-school value. Hooked on the promise of the appointment of the first woman to the Supreme Court, the movie has been rushed into release to capitalize on Sandra O'Connor's recent nomination to the same post. With a chief justice dies, Ruth Bader (Jill Clayburgh) is called to serve. She's young, extremely bright and ultraconservative, with a very healthy hatred of the immoral and a sympathy toward big business. She is, in fact, the perfect heroine tailored to these conservative times.

The fly in her ointment is Dan Snow (Walter Matthau), the resident dilettante on the bench, who has no problems with her gender but cannot stand her politics. They trade snarls and what are intended to be witty remarks until it turns in cold and the moral answers itself. It takes all kinds not only to make a world, but particularly to run a government. Gee, thanks.

Clayburgh is sorrowfully missed as a

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Aiming for the heart, and the ribs

The Stratford Festival unveils two comedies and a tragedy with mixed results

Antipholus before the second round of Stratford Festival openings last week focused on whether director Brian Bedford, having starred audiences earlier this season with his brooding *Coriolanus*, would prove equally adept at comedy in the form of Sheridan's *The Rivals*, a late-18th-century satire on social pretence and sentimental love. The simple answer is no, at least not yet. Meanwhile, working quietly, director Peter Dewh has followed up his charming *Timon of Athens* with a surprisingly rich *Comedy of Errors*.

This tale of identical twin masters (both helpfully called Antipholus) and their twin servants (both Dromios) is often played in a farcical combedel-hair style. But Dewh has a knack, easily demonstrated in *Shore*, for drawing these comedies in pastoral hues, and in *Errors* the results are awe again more than merely decorative. The misadventures of *Rivals*, condemned to death as he searches for his lost twin sister, and the often cruel misunderstanding precipitated by multiple incidents of mistaken identity have been taken seriously enough to move the heart as well as tickle the ribs. The production bristles with a wealth of bewitched

flowers, at times deriving the audience into thinking that this is not the city of Ephesus they have landed in but the island of Prospero.

Susan Brown's *Rivals* set and brightly lit costumes, Stanley Silverman's haunting music and Michael J. Whitfield's subtle lighting successfully counterpoint the plot's craziness by conjuring up a vivid time and place (the play has been set in 1820). But the cast takes top honors, especially Stratford newcomers Fiona Reid as the aggrieved wife of one Antipholus and Susan Wright as her sister and confidante. The Dromios are superb, again played by Stratford regulars: John Jarvis could easily strengthen his hyperactive comical approach by slowing down both verbally and physically, but Mike Poter has created a masterpiece of timing and invention which hurries him into the front rank of Canada's comic actors.

Bedford's *Rivals*, on the other hand,



Susan Wright and Fiona Reid, *Merry Men* and William Huff (below), the challenge of surpassing decoration



in unwise and incoherent, only occasionally achieving the pace and rhythm that Sheridan's wit requires. Although the cast carefully fashions convincing characters, they are dwarfed by the vast spaces in between. David Walker's isolated dry sets. Aphorisms work best confined to a drawing room where they can rebound and amplify the comedy; here, even Mrs. Malaprop's absurd lines are lost despite Pat Galloway's crisp delivery. Sheridan's caricatures have been given their head, however, and Roger Barran as Acres, the country squire with Calvin Klein aspirations, and Colin Fox as the choleric Irishman O'Trigger humorously fill the stage with witless faces. The love intrigues are labyrinthine and sentimental, especially at the beginning, though Richard Montrose and Mary Heffernan lose their wits often enough to overcome Bedford's more sober interpretation.

At the Avon Theatre, Jean Gascon's visually magnificent production of *The Vow* would hardly be recognized by its author, Frederick Duerksen. Originally written as a Greek tragedy-emulating play, The Vow tells how an aged infirmness, Claire (Alexis Smith), returns to her native town seeking revenge on Anton (William Hatt), who seduced and abandoned her in their youth. Claire offers the townspeople a \$1000 reward to kill Anton, after initially refusing they tentatively give in, and Anton himself accepts his guilt and their sentence on him. In this streamlined but perfectly re-created version, Anton is cloaked in martyrdom for the early and Hatt moves through the third act in a free-france trance. Much wit and irony have been snipped as well. Headed to lure marauding bees, the play becomes maritally unsuitable.

What is worse, The Vow will be remembered as a pitiful moment for the festival's production department. Every scene is a tableau worthy of Schiele or Kandinsky, inspired fusions of lighting and design. Max Holzman as Claire's hunchback man, Mervyn Blake as the dour, middle-aged minister and Kenneth Pogue as the duplicitous mayor have never been better. However, all it amounts to is a euphoric funeral oration and elegant eulogizing for the corpse of a play written True to form, when Stratford burns, it burns in style.

—MADE CHAUSSE

Demonstrations of the Blyth spirit

In seven short years, the Blyth Summer Festival has blossomed into one of Canada's more successful theatrical events. Not only has its Canadian-play-only policy attracted top talent—this season includes playwrights Caryl Churchill, settee Anne Appleton and director Guy Sprung—but tight budgeting and near-capacity houses have made the festival debt-free. Blyth's community roots are deep, and many of its original works, too, the Southwestern Ontario and for their inspiration. Earlier this summer, Anne Chislett's *Guest in the Land*, a drama about Amish pacifism in the First World War, was applauded by critics. Two current offerings, Chislett's *The Tomorrow Box* and a collective work, *Fire on Ice*, highlight the challenge that drama arising from a specific time and place must always face—can it travel beyond that milieu and speak to audiences elsewhere?

A half-over run at Montreal's Centre Theatre last winter showed that *The Tomorrow Box* really poses this issue. Chislett lived in Blyth for several years and her acute observations of local customs dramatize this comedy about a farmer bound for retirement in Florida who sells the family lands without consulting his wife. Spurred on by her feisty daughter-in-law, the wife strikes out on her own after 40 years of marriage, but badly cuts her own play in the end. The production by Blyth's artistic director, Janet Anjos, is confident, capped by Anne Appleton's hilarious and deeply simple portrayal of the newly liberated wife. But the play's greatness is often too pointed, so if the playwright was uncertain whether local humor conflicts would suffice, she need not worry. *The Tomorrow Box* is a classic well-made play.

Not as successful is *Fire on Ice*, which traces the career of Horie Mureau, the local boy who became a legend with the Montreal Canadiens and died tragically at the age of 34. The play gives us indication of why Mureau's life might be good dramatic material, and a collection of untrained voices united to biography, especially that of a hero. Perhaps only a local audience could suffer these short-comings gladly for nostalgia's sake, but even they have remained estranged.

With four more in a row, business, doubly rewarding when concrete particulars and universal themes are successfully melded as in *The Tomorrow Box*, a briefed future otherwise. Whatever the result, the attempt is vital to the self-definition of a culture, and Blyth deserves kudos for showing us often—and mostly winning.—N.C.



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Another way to live

Doing the continental and forgetting Canada's woes

By Allan Fotheringham

The only reason to travel is to put one's own country into perspective. A journalist fleeing about Europe in this summer of our discontent is reminded once again of the minor, laughable problems of our so-called constitutional crisis. It proves out as small beer, as most "major" Canadian problems do once viewed from afar, as through the wrong end of a telescope.

Pierre Trudeau disappears among the bit players at a royal wedding. The name Jean Chrétien evokes no area of alarm from cockney food writers, Parisian waders or European airline stew-ardesses. The shooting of "Sterling Lyon"—as hard as it is to believe—can scarcely stir a rife amongst the soccer players on southern European beaches. All in all, as well with the world, other problems were serious than our imagined ones.

The British Labour Party appears doomed, its ageing and erudite leader, Michael Foot—who appears too intelligent and compassionate to be a politician at all—is increasingly dependent on the fanaticism of the left. They are led by the hamstrung Tony Benn, a peer who defrocked himself and now communes himself in endless pots of tea and tinsens, far-out obscure as if to apologise for his bloodiness.

The British Tory party appears doomed, its brittle and indecisive leader, Thatcher—the Milk-Scaucher, increasingly defied by the old establishment centre of the party which sees the chance for blood—i.e., re-election—disappear further the more the Iron Lady grows unemployment with her traditional-Bonaparte conviction. The voter here that has won the English and British elections is owned by the Aga Khan.

West Germany, far more confused as the deutsche mark reaches a five-year low against the dollar, is further not amazed at the announcement by U.S. Defense Secretary Casper (Cap the Knife) Weinberger that the Yanks are

pressing ahead with the neutron bomb, which is exceedingly tidy in that it kills people but does not damage precious property. Since West Germany would be the principal battleground of such neat housekeeping, the hosts are not titillated.

The most remarkable thing on the London stage is Cats, which is the setting to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, an Oxford grad, of T.S. Eliot's Old Possum's Book of Primitives. It is quite the most dazzling thing these tired eyes



have seen since Leonard Bernstein's *West Side Story*. Another Webber hit, *Evita*—the musical shiv job on Eva Peron—is still sold out. The co-star, playing Juan Peron, is someone called John Turner who, the program informs us, "played his first starring role in the West End in 1956 when he took over in *No Time for Sergeants*—the *Allegory in Hamlet* and *The Power and the Glory*."

In London theatre work has included *Keep Your Hair On, Mr. Warburton*, *I, Claudius*, *A Month in the Country* and *Room With a View*—as well as *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Cleopatra*—his *Cleopatra* was his wife—with whom he has played in many choruses and has toured their two-handed show *The Lessons of Love* to some 30 countries all over the world, setting a new box-office record in Buenos Aires—his extensive tv work has ranged from the honours of knight errant to the "efficiency of Carve Doone" in *Lorne Doone*.

On the Strand, a prominent financial institution is the Coutts bank.

In Spain, there is a scandal involving merchants and government inspectors after 80 people died since May as a result of eating, initially adulterated, rancid oil. In Scotland, riot police and naval troops had to break up a blockade of Europe's largest port, Rotterdam, by protesting bargains who are freeing 80 other key points in the Dutch waterways.

In the Portuguese crisis, President Antonio Manuel Gomes has accepted the resignation of the prime minister, Sir Francisco Balsemão, who has been premier only since January. In Spain, the military prosecutor is seeking 30-year sentences for those playful generals who staged that February televised coup and fired bullets into the ceiling of parliament.

In Britain, the disintegrating Resurgence of Maggie Thatcher have been helped a lot by her trade minister, John Biffen, a member of foot-mouth disease, who blissfully announced in a speech that all is well since "the problem of government has been replaced by unemployment."

To make matters worse, Sebastian Coe, who is an even more beautiful runner—a condition not thought possible—than John Landy, has a huge blister on the outside of the ball of his left foot and is supposedly in danger in the 800 metres of the European finals in Zagreb, Yugoslavia. All a pord.

France, which is now so prosperous it can afford to vote Socialist, has announced through one of François Mitterrand's ministers that his new government means to cut value in major industries to such an extent that the emerald can never be unscrubbed. Britain, which did that under a previous Labour government, now feels British Airways announcing an annual loss of one-third of a billion dollars, British rail unions are protesting the wage slashes since the 1980 general strike and the steel and coal industries stoke like the bait and the blind.

In such chewing circumstances, Marc Lalonde does indeed appear as rather small beer.



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